"*It soft as silk remains.*"—Aaron Hill.

Royal Vinolia Vegetable Hair Wash

is a reliable and effective preparation composed of the purest of vegetable ingredients. It gently and completely removes all dirt, grit, dust, dandruff, etc., from the hair and scalp, but does not wash out the natural oils which give the hair vitality and silky beauty. The use of this cleansing, invigorating Hairwash keeps the hair soft, fluffy and beautiful in appearance as well as in perfect condition for dressing.

In dainty Box, 1/-

VINOLIA COMPANY LTD.,
LONDON & PARIS.
RV 80—29

EDMUNDSON'S WILL LIGHTEN YOUR LIGHTING EXPENSES

EDMUNDSON'S AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS of Country House Lighting

AN AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT

Not until the introduction of this new system could it be said that a really efficient automatic lighting plant was obtainable.

After years of patient experimenting, a plant which works without any attention whatever beyond occasional oiling and cleaning, has been perfected; the apparatus is quite self-contained, and entirely automatic in its working—self starting—self regulating—self stopping—thus dispensing with the necessity of the attention formerly required in the case of private plants. The supply of current is governed exactly by the demand, and in consequence the running cost is reduced to a minimum, and the question of any waste eliminated.

AN ELECTRIC PLANT is unquestionably the best for all country houses, hotels, farms, bungalows, churches, etc., as not only has electric light been proved to be by far the best and most economical luminant, but the current generated may always, at the same time, be economically used for heating, pumping, and power work in any form—an incalculable advantage in the country.

To all interested in the question of lighting, we shall be most happy to send a booklet, giving full particulars of our new Automatic Electric Plants, and will be prepared to send an expert Engineer to advise on the best method and cost of installation in any part of the country. No charge is made for advice or estimates.

EDMUNDSON'S ELECTRICITY CORPORATION, LTD.,
Broad Sanctuary Chambers, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.
Telephone No. 1416 Victoria.
And at 32, York Street, Dublin.
Telephone No. 2277 Dublin.

Healthy and Beautiful Skin
is more desirable than good features, and is much easier to obtain. The irresistible attraction of a beautiful complexion is assured to every lady who uses daily

Shem-el-Nessim Reg
Toilet Cream

Perfumed with the Scent of Araby.

It keeps the skin free from blemish and renders it white and supple in spite of wind or sun.

Free from grease, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin and **does not promote the growth of down or superfluous hair.**

Sample Pot
with name of nearest agent, **sent post free for 1/9.**

J. GROSSMITH & SON
Dept. C11, Newgate St., LONDON.

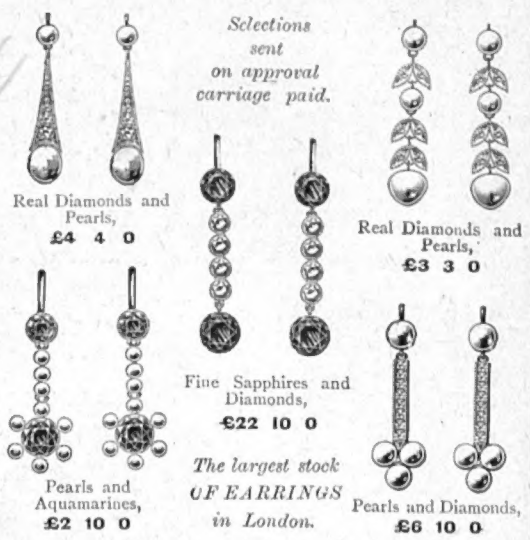
THE "PERFECT" Coffee Maker

	2 Pint Size.	1 Pint Size.
ORICHALCUM	£3 3 0	£2 17 6
ELECTRO PLATE	£4 4 0	£3 17 6

A coffee pot in which perfect coffee can be made at table with the same facility as tea is made in a teapot, and which produces an infusion to satisfy the most exacting taste.

To be had of the makers,
ORICHALCUM
(W. A. S. Benson & Co., Ltd.)
82 & 83,
NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON.

CHAS. PACKER & Co.
Established over a century. Jewellers and Silversmiths.
FASHIONABLE EARRINGS



Selections sent on approval carriage paid.

Real Diamonds and Pearls, **£4 4 0**

Real Diamonds and Pearls, **£3 3 0**

Fine Sapphires and Diamonds, **£22 10 0**

Pearls and Aquamarines, **£2 10 0**

Pearls and Diamonds, **£6 10 0**

The largest stock OF EARRINGS in London.

We shall be pleased to send post free on application
The Illustrated "Book of Earrings."
Complete Catalogue of Jewellery, Watches, Silver, Electro-Plate, and Ivory.
Special Catalogue of Cups and Bowls for Prizes and Presentations.
Special Catalogue of Mourning Jewellery.

76 & 78, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 423.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 10, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Sport and General*

HER SKATING GRACE AT MÜRREN

The Duchess of Westminster figure-skating on the Rink des Alpes at Mürren, the popular Swiss Winter Sports resort, which is this year most favoured alike by the weather and by British sporting society. Mrs. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill are among other arrivals expected this month

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE FOLLIES, Wed., Thurs., Sat Mats., and Every Evenings. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, etc., DURBAR and HUNTING PICTURES, and Varieties. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

CRITERION THEATRE. "MAN AND SUPERMAN." Every Evening at 8.30 sharp. MR. ROBERT LORAINE produces (for a short run only) "MAN AND SUPERMAN." By BERNARD SHAW. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 8.45. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY in "A MESSAGE FROM MARS." Matinées, Every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 2.45.

WYNDHAM'S. GERALD du MAURIER and Company, in a Comedy in Four Acts entitled "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND." By ALFRED SUTRO. Every Evening at 8.45 precisely. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. THE BEECHAM OPERA CO. presents MISS RUTH VINCENT in "Hansel and Gretel," MARGARET COOPER, GEORGE BARRETT and CO., and Star Co. 6*d.* to 5*s.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8. THE ETERNAL WALTZ, by LEO FALL, LADY LITTLE, BRANSBY WILLIAMS, OSCAR and SUZETTE, LITTLE FREDDIE HACKIN, DE DIO, and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. Wednesday, Jan. 10, and Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8.15, and Matinee, Jan. 13, LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME. Jan. 12, HERODIADE. Jan. 13, RIGOLETTO. Jan. 17, TALES OF HOFFMANN. GRAND POPULAR CONCERT every Sunday at 7.30. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel., Hol. 6840 (6 lines).

TRAVEL.

Under Contract with H.M. Government

P & O MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES.

EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c. Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to ALL EASTERN PORTS.

P & O PLEASURE CRUISES

By S.Y. "VECTIS," 6,000 Tons.

From Southampton.
THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, etc. | No. 1.—Feb. 21 to Mar. 23.
From Marseilles (Rail and Sea connections from London).
CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE etc. | No. 2.—Mar. 28 to April 24.
DALMATIA, VENICE, CORFU, etc. | No. 3.—April 27 to May 25.

Fares for Cruises 1, 2, or 3, from 30 Guineas.

Programme Post Free.

Offices:

P & O Northumberland Avenue, W.C. / 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. } LONDON

HOTELS.

LAS PALMAS—GRAND CANARY.

HOTEL METROPOLE.

Occupying an unrivalled position facing the Sea. Now re-opened for the Season under

NEW RESIDENT MANAGER.

Thoroughly Renovated and Equipped for the Comfort and Convenience of Visitors. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, etc. Moderate Terms.

Full particulars from—

ELDER DEMPSTER and CO., LTD., Colonial House, Liverpool; 4, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.; 30, Mosley Street, Manchester; Exchange Buildings, Birmingham; Thomas Cook and Son; and Tourist Agencies.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

NEWSPAPER ABSORPTION

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will come as no surprise to readers to learn that "THE BYSTANDER" is not absorbing the name or the character of any other illustrated journal. It remains free from the necessity to acquire the character or any of the features of periodicals of the past which have found it difficult to adapt themselves to the present public taste.

Subscribers to such papers who, for any reason, may be ceasing their subscriptions, are invited to communicate with the Publisher. "The Bystander" will probably prove to be the ideal substitute.

OFFICE: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

Photograph Piccadilly Arcade Studios

"ULSTER WILL FIGHT"

An old song now being sung to new music everywhere by Sir Edward Carson

The Victorian Who Survives

NOT even the most inveterate Post-Victorian (which is the same thing as anti-Victorian) has an ironic word for the Dickens Centenary. Dickens is the one Victorian genius whom all classes recognise to have enriched the national gaiety for all time. It is, however, as well to be on our guard. Dickens, born in 1812, was one of the earliest of the great Victorians, and there is the prospect before us of a host of subsequent centenary celebrations of men of less permanent, if equally pretentious, memories.

***

More Centenaries?

The Victorian era was undoubtedly a great one in literature, and statecraft, and learning, and discovery. Our generation is a sort of rest-cure from greatness, in which the quite ordinary people are free to walk and talk on earth. We respect the great men who have gone before us. Will their little contemporaries, who have survived them, allow us to worship in silence? Compulsory noisiness will compel the Post-Victorians to become aggressive and to adopt Suffragette tactics towards those who threaten to impose on them too many centenary celebrations.

***

The Modern Substitute for Dickens

A lover from childhood of Dickens, there are few persons I find more bigoted and intolerant towards the efforts of latter-day novelists than the Dickensians. It seems impossible to convince these gentry of the truth of the phrase "*autres temps, autres mœurs*." That, in the modern novel, one finds character rather than caricature, does not mean that the Post-Victorian novelist is a less valuable mirror of life than the Victorian. The truth is that ours is an age of average rather than of abnormal men and women, and a novelist who attempted to Dickensify his subjects would be a pestilence. In Mr. Shaw's plays and Mr. Wells's and Mr. Bennett's novels one meets men and women as typical of our age as were the Dickens men and women of theirs. While Dickens brought his genius to bear on the uprooting of the evils of *laissez-faire* in life, and State, and law, and education, our novelists are no less busy laying down the track of the newer and better way of life.

***

Post-Victorian Politics

It would be a precious thing if the Post-Victorian attitude could creep into our politics. Some may hear in the speeches of Mr. George the new *motiv*, and may think that would he but conduct it with due regard to the rights of liberty and property, his war against squalor and slumdom is on the right path. What is, however, certain is that there is little of the new note in the present policy of the Opposition. On the chief questions of the year—Home Rule and Disestablishment—one hears little but the old Victorian cries. "Ulster will Fight" is one, and "Robbery and Spoliation" is the other. Are we not able to attack these proposals, if they are as bad as they are supposed to be, with newer methods than old shrieks?

OF THE TIMES

***

Ulsteria

Ulsteria is, to me, the least attractive of all the awful states into which the words Home Rule are expected to throw a Unionist. It is too closely akin to religious mania to be an agreeable form of madness. Let us see the Government Bill and judge it as a Bill on its merits. Many of the most enlightened of Conservatives are quite in favour of an Irish national identity within the United Kingdom, and it was only a year ago that several leading Conservative papers (including the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail*, and the *Observer*) were discussing Federation as an open question. If it was open then, I do not understand why it is now banged, barred, and bolted.

***

Enlightenment Wanted

Federation exists in America, in Canada, in Australia, in South Africa, in Germany, and in Switzerland. It may or may not be suitable for the United Kingdom. But that is, at all events, a debatable question, and one over which there is not the slightest need to indulge in Dervish dances. As to Disestablishment in Wales, how many of those who go into white-heat at the idea of the so-called spoliation there attend the Church in England with any regularity, accept its dogmas, respect its pastors, or contribute to its funds? Perhaps some of my clerical readers will afford me a little enlightenment on the point?

***

Sabbatarians on the Warpath

I see that the Rev. F. B. Meyer has found another needed advertisement in the holding of the Dickens *matinée* on Sunday:

> "The nervous strain of the present day is so terrific, however, that unless the Rest Day is preserved, there will be no limit to the number of lunatic asylums to be built."

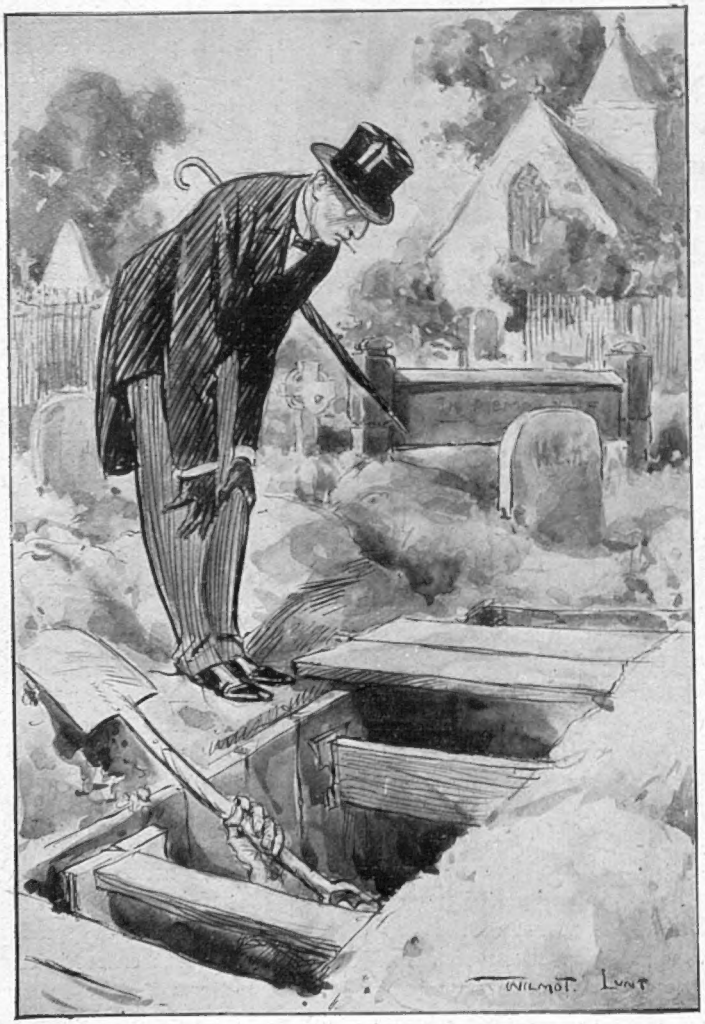
Have those who passed this resolution considered how many of the inmates of the lunatic asylums, also the prisons, of the day owe their fate to the desperate depression of the Sabbath as at present enforced on our town populations? Is it better that the hours after sunset (when the original Sabbath terminated) should be spent in public-houses and worse resorts, or that it should be spent in healthy enjoyment of

dramatic and musical performances? As to the "terrific strain" of life, with due respect to Mr. Meyer, fiddlesticks! The only "terrific strain" of which one is conscious in these leisurely times of six-hour days, and two-hour luncheons, and five-day weeks, is the terrific strain of certain persons after self-advertisement.

***

The Gaekwar Incident and Its Probable Meaning

I am afraid it will be for the celebrated Gaekwar incident that the Durbar of 1911 will be best remembered in history. There is, unfortunately, little reason to suppose that his Highness's conduct was the mere lapse of manners that he has explained it to be. A learned and, it is said, a progressive-minded man, it is impossible to believe that he was ignorant of the conventions. Had he not a few months before seen them in full working order at the Court of St. James's? The Gaekwar's motive is probably political. Anyway, it is regarded as such by Mr. Keir-Hardie. To what does it point? To a coming mutiny? I think not—unless we in England make too much of it, and of Mr. Keir-Hardie. What it should mean is that the ruler of one of India's self-governing States has a democratic twist and a disregard for Court etiquette. In any federal ideas in regard to India, we shall have to regard Baroda as the German Confederation regards, say, Hamburg, where prevail conditions more or less Republican, which even the Kaiser has to respect when he goes there. If the Gaekwar wishes to be a sort of Hamburg burgomaster within the Indian Empire, perhaps he can be accommodated. In any case, the whole incident is another argument against the policy of the King-Emperor visiting India in person. Such incidents occurred neither in the reigns of King Edward nor of the Great White Queen.



TO MAKE ASSURANCE SURE

Son-in-Law *(superintending mother-in-law's funeral)*: "I suppose—er—you've dug it deep enough?"

(By Wilmot Lunt)

***

That Blessed Word "Business" Again

After a month or two of hard thinking, Mr. Churchill has given the British public the blessed word it needed to restore its confidence in the Navy—the word "Business." Just as the addition to the Territorials of Sir J. Lyons, Sir J. Barker, and the gentleman from Pickford's was to preserve us from invasion by land, the appointment of Sir Francis Hopwood as "Business Manager" of the Fleet is to make the idea of defeat at sea a dead proposition. As one of those fatuous people who believe that the business of business is to mind itself and to leave the direction of the bigger and more abstract things of life to bigger and more abstract brains, I do not, of course, share the wild enthusiasm of the halfpenny Press at the introduction of a Business Manager at the Admiralty. One likes naval men to be business-like on occasion, of course, but the time for "counting the cost" in British naval strategy is generally after, not just before, the battle.

***

War Office Scaremongers

Passing, in conclusion, to Army matters, I don't want to keep on worrying about War, but really the greatest scaremongers are to be found in the War Office itself. Why, I ask, without, mark you, the least peevishness, is the mobilisation section suddenly demanding an increase of staff; how is it that many of the unpaid, retired, "reporting" officers have had allocated to them posts which they will be called upon to fill as soon as war breaks out; and what of the small army of civilians with whom the War Office is in correspondence for similar purposes? Of course, "our relations continue to be friendly with all the great Powers," but the War Office is, probably with full knowledge of what it is doing, really behaving as if the enemy had actually opened fire.

***

Fleet Street Changes

Many changes are indicated in Fleet Street. Already there is announced the coming absorption of one illustrated contemporary by another, on which we congratulate either. It is general knowledge, too, that two Liberal dailies are soon to be as one, and rumour even promises us a further reduction in the number of evening papers. The general inference, as the weather prophets say, is that a deep depression is approaching our street, likely to cause changeable weather.

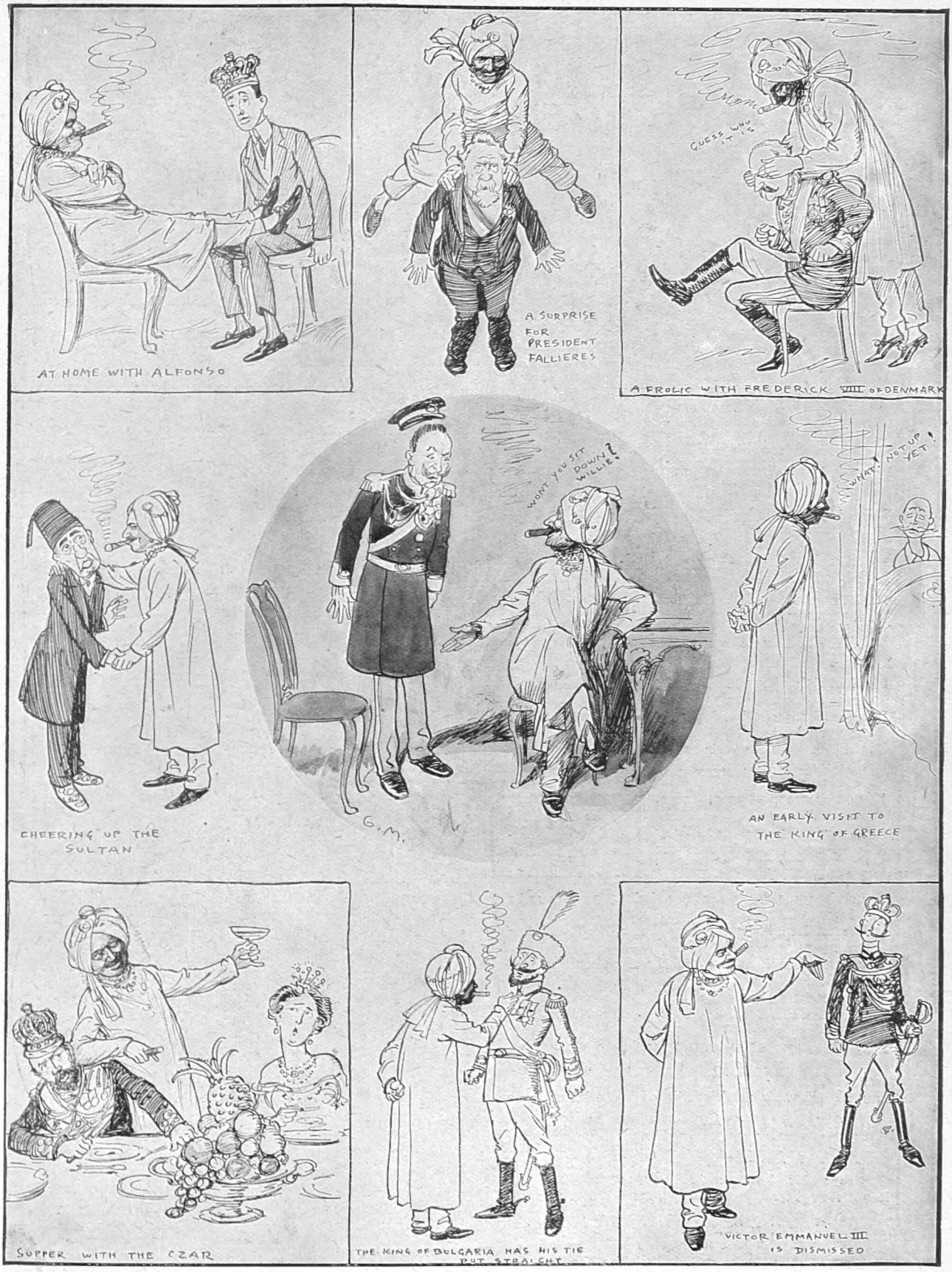
***

Lady de Clifford

I am informed by Lady de Clifford that the rumour to the effect that she was about to re-marry (which we reported on the 13th ult.) is quite unfounded, and I take this opportunity of giving publicity to her denial.

When the Gaekwar Visits Europe!

UNEASY EXPERIENCES ANTICIPATED FOR HEADS THAT WEAR THE CROWN



BY GEORGE MORROW

Capt. Lux to "The Bystander"

(THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT, MR. J. N. RAPHAEL)

CAPTAIN LUX
The French officer sentenced for espionage to detention in the German Fortress of Glatz, from which he escaped on Christmas night

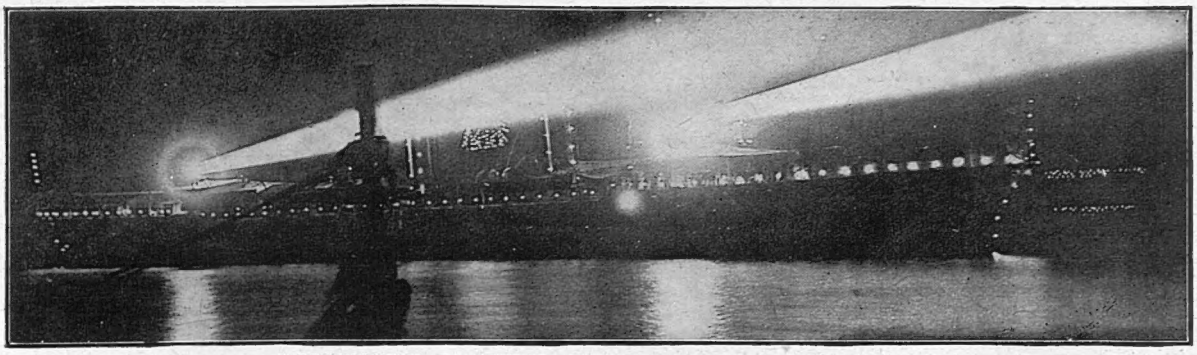
DEAR BYSTANDER,—
Excuse, I beg, my jargon Anglo-French,
I have not time English to learn from my friend, Captain Trench,
In Glatz gehabt—that's German, but what is a man to do,
My English is un peu trop Deutsch now, mais que voulez vous?
I will explain of my best how my escape I succeed,
Because Sir Raphaël tell me the story you shall need
To scoop. Je ne sais point what "scoop" is. Dans mon dictionnaire
I find "scoop — seau, écope, fourquet,"
And also "grande cuillière,"
A big spoon? With it we eat soup in Glatz when soup we had.
Name of a name, dear Bystander, their soup was very bad!
And I was in it, voyez vous, in the soup—you perceive
I have to filer à l'Anglaise, how you say? Take French leave.
I am long time in Glatz, you know. They treat me very nice,
But very strict, and let me go outside my room but twice
Each day. Mon ami Trench I see more seldom than I wish.
They know, my gaolers they tell me, I am a slippy fish.
I am it, I am proud of it. As Trench says, "Bless my buttons,
Lux he knows what o'clock it is!" But let us to our muttons.
It is Noël, Weihnacht, Christmas—the evening before
The day of peace, when I creep out into the room next door.
Four hours I work and file a bar, then scramble down a wall
On a rope which I make myself, not easily at all.
It is a New Year's present rope, made out of bits of string.
Which tied my New Year's presents up—a very tricky thing!
Eh bien! Below I find a wall. I climb him. On the ground
A passport and a pardessus (an overcoat) I found.
I found also a sentinel, and thought he shoot me dead.
But a friend whisper "Pschutt! La-bas!" The man turn his thick head
To see who have say "Pschutt!" I climb a little railing, me
Jump down, run off, and Oh, la la! My mother, I am free!
What is it Trench say sometimes in American? "Oh shucks!
Let Lux alone, and he'll go home! Let Lux be! Fiat Lux!"
A motor-car is waiting, I jump into her, and then
Quite very soon I'm dans le train and back in France again.
M. le Ministre he say, "Do not talk to the press,"
But I may tell you this, I hope, and not get in a mess.
Trench reads always "Le Bystander," and he will like to know
That I got safely out and home, and told Sir Raphaël so.
You have your scoop—the Germans have my card instead of me.
I left it in my cell at Glatz, and marked it P. P. C.

THE FORTRESS OF GLATZ
From which Captain Lux made his daring escape

CAPTAIN TRENCH
The British officer who, on a similar charge to that preferred against Captain Lux, is now undergoing detention at the Fortress of Glatz

Before India, Siam

DULY AND IMPRESSIVELY CROWNS ITS KING OF KINGS



ILLUMINATED JAPANESE CRUISER IN THE RIVER MENAM

THE ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH BANGKOK
On the day after the Coronation ceremony

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK
Who represented King George, arriving for one of the ceremonies

A SIAMESE CROWD WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION TO PASS

The Coronation of Vajiravudh, King of Siam, at Bangkok, took place on December 2, amid scenes of gorgeous ceremonial. The present King (born on the first day of the year 1880) succeeded that ardent reformer, Prince Chulalongkorn, in 1910, and is no less progressive than his father. Siam is the last of the independent kingdoms of Indo-China. It has a population of 6,250,000, and a territory of 200,000 square miles

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

A Painter's Son—

MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP, newly-made and much-envied *fiancé*-the-second of that charming young actress, Miss Marie Löhr, confesses to the leading of "a leisured existence." He doesn't, that is to say, "do" anything, which is, of course, the time-honoured way with sons of fathers who have "done" much! Everyone knows the late Mr. Val Prinsep's sea pictures. But "I was never encouraged to paint," says his son, "which, perhaps, on the whole, is just as well for everybody." And, indeed, it is Art's very opposite—Sport—that has engaged most of his non-courting hours to date.

MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP

Photograph *Stearn*

Who is to marry Miss Marie Löhr

—And an Actress's Husband

Wimbledon knows him, also Queen's, and the Riviera tournament grounds, while at Cambridge he captained the University Lawn Tennis Club. Tall, spare, fair of complexion, and of athletic figure, Mr. Anthony Prinsep, in a high black satin stock, made a delightful picture in an Academy of a year or so ago. He matches beautifully with his future wife, a daughter of Kate Bishop, who, though only twenty-one, has been a leading lady for quite a long while, and is now, of course, the backward-but-willing-to-learn wife in *The Marionettes* at the Comedy Theatre.

SIR T. GIBSON-CARMICHAEL

Photograph *Wiele and Klein*

Governor of Madras and new Scottish Peer

A Penchant for Spiders

For many years a prominent Scottish politician, Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, one of the three new peers, held office as private secretary to Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Dalhousie when they were Secretaries for Scotland, and for five years succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Member for Midlothian. Then the Liberal Government tried him at governing, and sent him to Victoria, where he proved so successful that on the expiration of his term of office he became Governor of Madras. Divers interests occupy our new Scottish peer in addition to his administrative work. A very keen naturalist, he has a penchant particularly for spiders and other usually unloved crawlers, and has written and read many papers on their little ways; while his renown as a connoisseur makes him a valued trustee of the National Galleries of England and Scotland. Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael has no children, and his wife, a charming and successful hostess, is a daughter of Lord Nugent's brother and heir. The new peer is a Radical, but a Radical of that comfortable, not too fearfully Radical species that is rather an ornament than otherwise to the upper circles of Debrett.

A Majority

At Nantclwyd, Ruthin, the coming of age of the second baronet of his line, Sir Albert Edward Naylor-Leyland, was celebrated last week with becoming rejoicing, a great ball, much sport, and lots of feasting of tenants and things. Sir Albert is one of the richest of the rich young men of the day. He succeeded to his baronetcy thirteen years ago on the sudden and premature death of his father. He is, as his name implies, a godson of the late King. King George godfathers his brother, and the late Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland was one of those several intimates of King Edward who augmented failing fortunes by marriage with rich American wives. He was in the 2nd Life Guards, a regiment his son will probably enter, and Lady Naylor-Leyland's entertainments at her great house opposite the French Embassy and overlooking Rotten Row were among the most lavish of the Edwardian era, and constantly honoured by the King.

SIR A. NAYLOR-LEYLAND, Bt.

Photograph *Lafayette*

Whose coming-of-age celebrations took place last week at Nantclwyd Hall, Flintshire

A Comedy Queen to Wed

MISS MARIE LÖHR: AN AUTOGRAPHED DRAWING BY HAROLD SMITH

Miss Löhr's engagement to Mr. Antony Prinsep, the second son of the late Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., has just been announced. She is at present playing the leading lady's part with great success in "The Marionettes" at the Comedy Theatre

A Courtly K.C.V.O.

Administrative abilities of a lesser order, perhaps, than those of, say, Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, Governor of Madras, and another of the New Year's Honours men, but quite useful ones all the same, are characteristic of all the sons of Lord Ormathwaite, whose eldest son and heir, Mr. Arthur Walsh, has been created K.C.V.O., and whose second son, Mr. William Walsh, "runs" Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's two big households, and did "run" Lord Derby's. Mr. Arthur Walsh, who was at one time in the 1st Life Guards, is a courtier by profession, and such a good bridge-player as well that the late King attached him to his household when his duties as equerry to the Duke of Clarence and as Comptroller of the household of the Duchess of Teck came to an end with their deaths. Now, in succession to Sir Douglas Dawson, he is Master of Court Ceremonies—one of the most punctilious of his necessarily somewhat punctilious tribe is married to Lord Camden's sister, and resides in one of the most desirable of the several "desirable residences" in Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace. Being, as becomes a perfect courtier, a linguist of no mean merit, Mr. Walsh is often put in special attendance on distinguished foreign visitors, and among his most treasured possessions is the Japanese Order of the Sacred Treasure bestowed upon him by Prince Fushimi. Mr. Walsh some years since completed his half-century. But the courtier's life is not a harassing one. Consequently he doesn't look it.

HON. ARTHUR WALSH

Photograph *Russell*

Who has been created K.C.V.O.

SIR LIONEL PHILLIPS

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

He has received a Baronetcy

A New Rand Baronet

Like the other two new Rand baronets, Sir George Albu and Sir Sigismund Neumann, both German Jews, Sir Lionel Phillips amassed *his* huge fortune on the Rand in gold and diamonds, and—well, similar South African commodities. He was one of the four Uitlanders condemned to death by Judge Gregorowski, and it was after his release that, things South African, both at home and abroad, having quieted down a bit, Sir Lionel bought Dudley House, Park Lane, from Lord Dudley. Here Lady Phillips, who has compiled in book-form some of her South African Recollections, has given several fine concerts, all, of course, of that eminently *expensive* kind which always include, in addition to adequate viands and drinks and the most unseasonable of possible flowers, at least two *prime donne*, with a Caruso or a Plançon or somebody thrown in. It is now, however, down in aristocratic Hampshire where Sir Lionel is said to feel most in his element. There, at Winchfield, he is a lord of the manor, a D.L., a J.P.—a country gentleman, in fact!

Commerce and the Peerage

"Being a Nonconformist cuts one out of a lot. Socially, it's no end of a disadvantage," says the rich Unitarian manufacturer's daughter in Lucas Malet's "Adrian Savage." "People don't call on Dissenters." But they do, of course, out of books and in real life, *be the said Dissenters only rich enough*, and it is in this connection, at any rate, that the New Year's Honours List is interesting, for two of the three new peers—Mr. Samuel Morley and Sir Alfred Thomas—are not only Nonconformists, but altogether commercial, while three of the new baronets are Jewish diamond merchants, and numbers of the new knights, too, have both chapel and trade "up against" them.

SIR ALFRED THOMAS

Photograph *Russell*

A new Nonconformist Peer

A Welsh Peer

A typical Welshman (in all but the uncomplimentary sense, of course), a strict Nonconformist, and withal a very genial soul is that new peer, "A.T.," otherwise Sir Alfred Thomas, who has so tactfully led the Welsh party for so many years, and whose well-filled Cardiff money-bags have so often patriotically bolstered party funds. He is fond of his little joke, "A.T.," like another illustrious Taffy now seeing life as lived in the Sunny South—and he is noted for a placid urbanity which, together with his very real earnestness and patriotism, has earned him the respect and esteem of even those who, as a rule, do not like Welshmen. Sir Alfred, whose great wealth is all derived from that wonderful mushroom city, Cardiff, has the cause of Welsh education, and, in fact, Welsh everything, very much at heart, and can even, and does, at Baptist meetings, I believe, speak the language. Being seventy-two and unmarried, it may be just safe to assume that Sir Alfred's title—will it be Lord Cardiff?—is, like Lord Northcliffe's, not for posterity.

The Gaekwar's Lapse

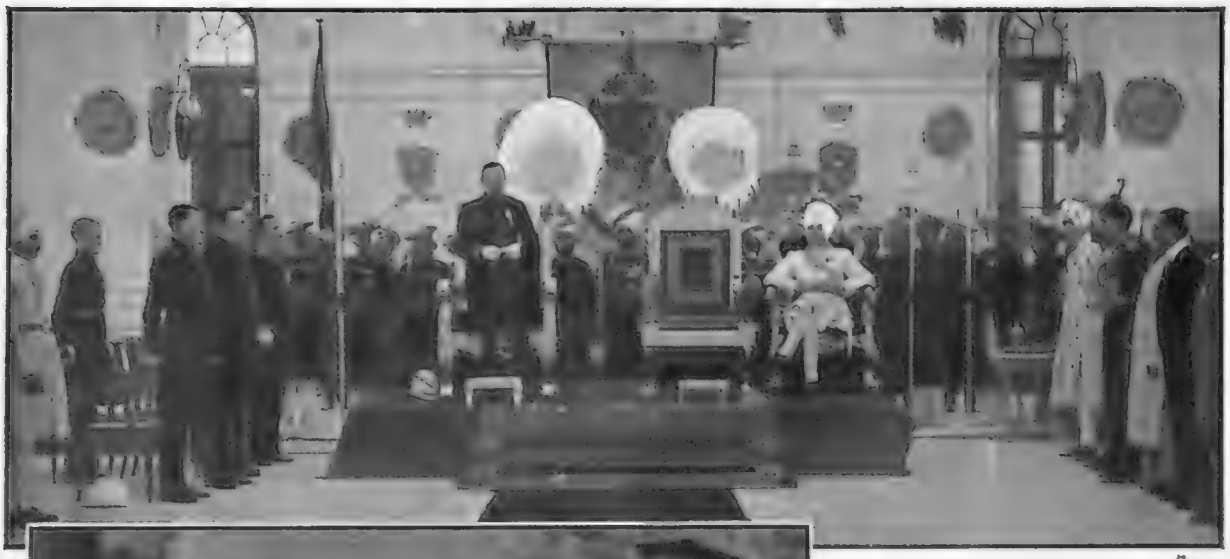
FROM LOYALTY OR MERELY FROM MANNERS?

Barker's Motion Photographs, Ltd., per *Sport and General*

TURNING HIS BACK ON THE KING!

This photograph shows the Gaekwar of Baroda at the Durbar perpetrating the act of discourtesy for which he had afterwards humbly to apologise. It will be noticed that instead of retiring backwards he is actually turning his back on the throne! It is questioned whether the act was one of intentional disrespect to the Emperor, with political motive, or a mere *gaucherie*

An Indian Personality of Topical Interest



THE INSTALLATION OF THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR BY THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BENGAL

H.H. RAJ RAJENDRA NARAYAN BHUP BAHADUR, MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR

THE new Maharajah of Cooch Behar—who has just been installed on his ancestral throne so as to participate in the Durbar as a reigning Prince—has a personality of peculiar interest to the British public. His father, the late Maharajah, was the first Indian Prince to visit England, and to open her gates to his brother rulers. He was a well-known figure in London Society, and his death last September in England seemed a fateful close to a life spent in bringing England and India nearer together. At his funeral obsequies at Golder's Green, it will be remembered, there was a moving scene when his eldest son and heir consigned his body to the flames with a farewell prayer, and then touched and saluted the bier which was draped in the Union Jack. Beginning so auspiciously in the goodwill and sympathy of the British public, the new Maharajah, Raj Rajendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur, may follow in his father's footsteps as a bond of union and understanding between England and India; for, like his father, he too has combined East and West in his ideals and in his upbringing. His Highness was first educated at the Mayo College, Ajmere, with other Indian Princes, and then at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford. Since then he has maintained his tie with England actively. As an Honorary Lieutenant in the Westminster Dragoons, he wears the uniform of the British Army as an officer, a privilege not enjoyed by any other Indian Prince

WINTER SPORT—What About It?

By "JOURNEYMAN"

II.—SKI-ING, SKATING, CURLING, AND MERRY-MAKING

Grand Hôtel des Alpes, Mürren.

I HAVE arrived here, as described in my first letter. I have awakened and admired sunrise over the Jungfrau, which reclines immediately in front of my bedroom window, completely undisturbed by the ogling glances of the Mönch. It is, I confess proudly, my first Alpine sunrise, and . . . well, it is . . . er . . . h'm . . . very impressive, I'm sure.

SIR HENRY LUNN (CURLING AT MÜRREN)

He who has made Winter Sport accessible to the many is himself an enthusiast for it. Much of the time he can spare from helping and encouraging others he spends curling, at which he is adept

(Snapshot by A. J. Coxon)

I have donned my Winter Sport attire as per contract, and appeared at breakfast therein. Compared with the Winter Sport kit of the picture-postcard (which consists of a knickerbocker suit, sweater, puttees, snow-boots, a white woollen hat and scarf and gloves) my rig-out is sparse to the verge of indelicacy. Compared with the kit worn by the majority of my fellow-breakfasters, however, I am garishly over-dressed, and am told that I shall be in a state of perspiration in five minutes if I propose to skate or to ski like that. My fellow-winterers, most of them, seem content with usual suits, conventional soft collars and shirts, as though for all the world they were going golfing at home in spring or summer.

The ski-ers, over *café complet*—we have to put up with the Continental first breakfast—order their lunches loudly, and afterwards start out in parties of a dozen or so along the narrow village street away over the slopes beyond.

Ski-ing looks simple enough. The chief thing seems to be to know how to tumble. Between your tumbles, you will move along one of the paths, or down one of the slopes, but those walks or runs are quite secondary incidents. The tumble seems the primary achievement. But there is nothing grotesque about ski-falling. A man on skis will think nothing of sitting down suddenly while he is standing still talking to a girl. A tumble in the middle of a sentence excites no comment. One man will see another in the snow, kicking about like a black-beetle on its back, and will just say, "Nice morning," and pass on as though nothing particular had happened. To rush up and ask anxiously whether he is hurt is to receive a stony British glare, and write oneself down an ass or worse. He will get up again in the course of, at most, five minutes, and in very short time will be down again. But what of it?

I want to do this tumbling; not because of a morbid taste for self-injury, but simply and solely in order to be able to report, Sir, to you that I have completed my duty to THE BYSTANDER, which expects it of me.

There is skating on our rink. I skated for an hour or two to realise that, during the fifteen years that England has deprived me of outdoor winter sport at home, I have grown fifteen years older; that during that time certain necessary muscles have got woefully out of work. I also find that whatever the advantages of puttees, they aren't things to skate in. Puttees, of course, *have* their advantages. They are warm, and they enable one's legs to look neat and not too slender—but they mean rigid legs. Furthermore, the putting of the things on and the taking of them off neatly and without letting them unroll right across the room made me wish I had spent a little of my youth in a drapery shop. But not a word *against* puttees. They are very needful nuisances.

To return, however, to the skating-rink. Here, and now, as in the days of yore, the good skaters occupy the centre of the rink, the medium ones the outer circle, and the bad ones the far corners. I kept to the far corners, where I taught myself anew the old forgotten tricks. I think one is, perhaps, one's own best skating tutor. One knows so much better than the professor exactly what one wants to do; and that, in my case, is to skate and look as little like a skating professor—at all events, a foreign one—as is possible, seeing that we are both men, with legs, and arms, and faces. But I must not say much more about skating. I am credibly informed that the bare mention of the words "International and English styles" in THE BYSTANDER will act as the proverbial red rag to a bull. They arouse in Alpine circles feuds compared to which those of the Whigs and Tories, the Guelphs, and the Ghibellines, and the Montagus and the Capulets, are teacup storms. Mürren is, and wishes to remain, free from such controversies as rage at—say—

EARL RUSSELL (CURLING AT MÜRREN)

A picturesque and interesting figure of the rink. Tall, broad, grey-haired, but wondrously youthful looking, he is a living advertisement for the healthful virtues of Alpine sport

(Snapshot by A. J. Coxon)

St. Moritz, where the Internationals, with their twists and turns and pirouettings, so resent what they call the stiffness with which the Englishman does the self-same tricks, that it is no unusual thing for one of them deliberately to take an Englishman's ice and to skate across him and round him in full and offensive flourish.

Part of the rink is allotted to curling. It would be easy to scoff at curling. It is a Scots game. It is deliberate, and looks awfu' slow—also cold. But it has its lighter moments. The graceful pirouettings of players as they brush with their—no, not brooms, I am sure in so Scots a game they don't call a broom a broom—with their cowes (I've just got this out of a book that I have borrowed)—these graceful flittings and whiskings lend lightness to the dourest of diversions. I must here concede the fact that, at Mürren anyway, but little Scots is used in the shouting. Most of the directions of the "skips," the gentlemen who, I believe, manage the strategy of the game on either side, are given in English, and repeated always at least six times, thus (to the broomsters):

"Bring it along, bring it along, bring it along," etc., etc.

"Let it alone, let it alone, let it alone."

"I like it, I like it, I like it, I like it, I like it," etc., etc., etc.

The curling-rink is, to the skater *en passant*, an amphitheatre of sound and glad dance, and curling *looks* anything but the dry, technical game which the handbook would make it out to be. I'm thinkin' that mebbe I'll be a cur-r-r-ler one day mysel'. Not being one at present, I merely envy the skating space, also the beautifully swept ice, which the curlers keep to themselves. I would give anything to be clever enough to figure-skate all over the game while in progress, and to hear the comments called forth.

Luncheon is a scramble. Some, with skates still on boots, clamour for cold viands in a species of *bierhalle* adjoining the rink, and a very cheerful and satisfying scramble it is, too. One's appetite is, however, at from twelve to one, prodigious, one's fitness almost offensive. Whereas at the first breakfast one has felt too small for one's clothes, after the first lunch one feels too large for them. Unconsciously there has come over me a great content. The cobwebs have gone from my soul. To me there is no world down below. There is only snow, and ice, and sky. Looking back on other holidays I have had—bathing holidays, boating and yachting holidays, golf holidays, fishing holidays, I do hereby solemnly aver, as witness my hand hereunto, that there is no type of holiday that gets a hold of you and absorbs you into itself as does the Winter Sports holiday. The centre of sporting gravity here is the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club. The bulk of my fellow-winterers come from that delectable class which has least occasion to need strenuous holidays. Athletes during term, why be athletes out of it? Their strenuosity is, however, evident enough at the dinner-table, in the smoking-room, and at whatever entertainment may be given. It is indoors no less than out that one realises them to be the "bloods" they are. Take, for instance, to-night's Fancy Dress Ball. Those who believe the Public Schoolboy and 'Varsity man to lack imagination should see the splendours and humours of the costumes. Cossacks, Albanians, gipsies, priests, beaux — every detail of the costume carefully thought out—of such are the serious. But the frivolous-minded are the more interesting. One youth prances about in the skin of a giant grinning ape. Another is a walking poster; another a Yankee tramp. Two young men walk into the ballroom unexpectedly, one as the hotel *concierge*, the other as the Swiss postman. Notable, too, is the young peer who, evidently anxious to demonstrate that there is usefulness as well as ornament about his species, appears as a serviette! May he grow up to wipe away from the Statute Book the stains of Socialistic legislation!

STARTING FOR A SKI-RUN AT MÜRREN
(Snapshot by A. J. Coxon)

Meanwhile the desire to dance is upon me.

"But I have no fancy dress," I say to the lady with whom I specially wish to dance.

"I should think," she replies icily, "that your day kit looks 'fancy' enough. Why not get back into it? You could appear as the Winter Sportsman Just Arrived." I shall play billiards. JOURNEYMAN

Where Three Winter Sports Flourish

SKATING, SKI-ING, AND CURLING AT MÜRREN

Skating

Ski-ing

Curling

Ever since Christmas, during the week of which but little winter sport was enjoyed at less than 5,000 feet height, Mürren has gloried in all forms of it. Our photographs show the rink of the Grand Hôtel des Alpes, and the ski-ing slope adjacent to it. Mürren is 5,000 feet up, and is reached via Interlaken. To avoid the crowds via Bâle, an excellent alternative route is to travel via Paris, Pontarlier, and Berne, by the P.L.M. Photographed specially for THE BYSTANDER by Mr. Attwell J. Coxon

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

CONDOLENCES to Mr. Redmond on his recent accident. It seems that the waggonette in which he was driving split into two pieces, and he fell between them. Many people say that the safest thing in Ireland is an aeroplane, because it is so much newer than other vehicles, and less likely to be tied together with string.

* * *

The report that the waggonette belonged to an Ulster man, who wished to point out to the great Nationalist leader that "Union is Strength," can only be described as a canard.

* * *

By a new law which has just come into operation no animal may be killed within sight of another animal. Very luckily for humanitarians, who would not like to repeat the process with a bucket of water indefinitely, kittens are born blind.

* * *

On the plea that her husband hypnotised her into marrying him, an American business woman is demanding the annulment of her marriage. If the husband is anything of a business man, he will hypnotise the jury into agreeing with this demand.

* * *

"Jack Johnson has agreed to fight Sam McVea at Sydney (Australia), probably on Easter Monday. Jack Johnson will receive a purse of $30,000." Sydney (Australia) must be a very wicked place. Has it not heard of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and what he thinks of this sort of thing?

* * *

Germany's need of colonies, which some people have thought questionable, has at last been proved beyond any manner of doubt. The *Berliner Tageblatt* has started to issue an overseas edition, and it must be obvious to the meanest intelligence that without some German overseas colonists this enterprising journalistic effort can scarcely be made to pay.

* * *

Another German newspaper has declared that the understanding between England and Germany must during 1912 either become better or worse. "The journal in question is"—says the *Daily Mail*—"believed to be 'inspired.'" It must be jolly to be inspired to that extent, and one wonders the editor manages to keep his head at all with so much snappy copy pouring in.

* * *

Mrs. A. Cheing, President of the Right Thinking and Right Living Cult, has come from America to explain to fashionable people in Paris how to keep young. Parisians, however, are a little doubtful if they want to be like the young of the United States.

* * *

"Why grow old?" demanded Mrs. Cheing in a recent lecture. But, on the other hand, why not grow old? There are two obvious advantages in old age. One is that you get a pension, and the other is that you do not bother much about going to lectures on "How to Keep Young."

* * *

A scheme for the construction of some Garden Cities outside Paris is shortly to be brought before the Municipal Council. "They are to be modelled on the English Garden Cities," says a contemporary. If the imitation extends to the costumes of the ladies inhabiting our Garden Cities, Parisians may certainly count upon receiving a sensation of the most affecting sort.

FEARS—OR HOPES?
"Mummy, when I'm turned twelve shall I go back to one?"
(By Hilda Cowham)

A Trifle Disconcerting

Mr. Newlyrich *(who has at last manœuvred his ruby ring under the eyes of the great foreign banker)*: "Ah, Baron, I see you've at last notithed my beautiful rubies!"

The Baron *(sadly)*: "Ach, yes! Dey make me think of home. . . I haf a *mantelpieth* of dem dere"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

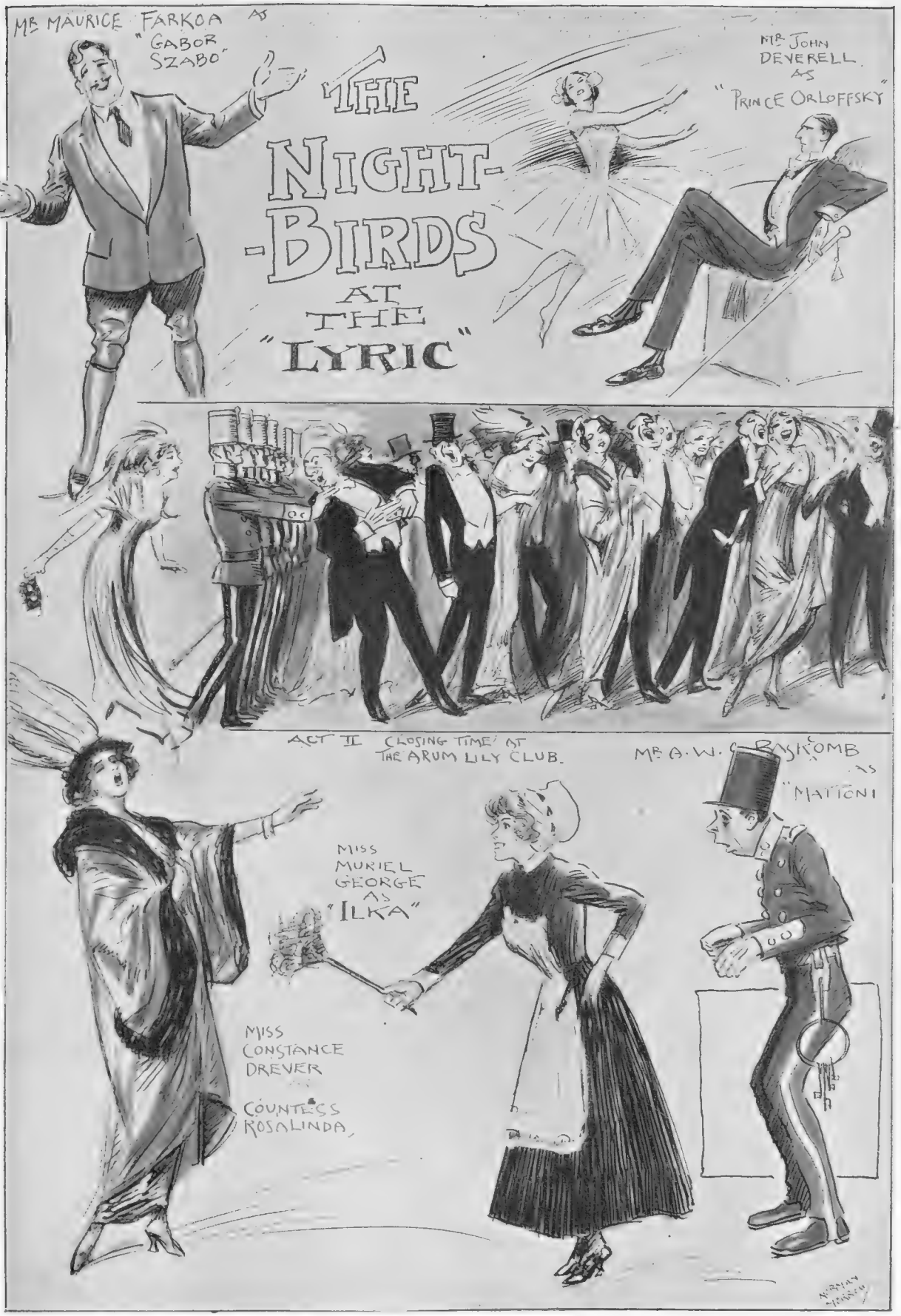
"NIGHTBIRDS" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

NIGHTBIRDS is a worthy successor to *The Chocolate Soldier*. It is a most exhilarating entertainment, and will, I fancy, be extremely popular, especially among people who like their fun diluted with pleasant harmony. The heroine of the play is Countess Rosalinda Cliquot, and she is represented by Miss Constance Drever. Any Parliamentary candidate who had a reception of the magnificence accorded to Miss Drever would at once sit down and write to his dear old mother to say that the cause of Truth was won, and that his election was assured. The hero is the Countess's husband, Mr. C. H. Workman. The Count is the usual kind of philanderer, who exists, of course, only in stage plays. He has, unfortunately, exceeded the speed-limit, and must undergo a sentence of three days' imprisonment. He will thus be separated from his dear wife for three whole days; but is able to spend his last night of liberty at home. Arrangements have just been concluded for a little *tête-à-tête* supper, when an old friend comes in. He just wants to tell the Count privately that a friend of his, a Russian Prince, is giving a little party at a night-club, and there will be a lot of pretty girls there, and all that sort of thing. So, of course, the Count gets up and puts on his coat and consoles himself with the reflection that he will have plenty of chances of supping with his wife after he comes out of prison. I mean, duty is duty, of course, and nobody ever said it wasn't; but pretty girls are not to be met with every day, and in this particular instance we are given to understand that the festivities will be kept up till a late hour, so that there will be no need for anybody to bother about the last train home, or any irritating nonsense of that kind.

It was in the second act that Miss Constance Drever moved the house to really noisy enthusiasm. Her song was wonderful. I could not quite hear what it was all about, but there was a good deal of it; and I could see by the way Miss Drever waved her arms in the air that she must be voicing the cherished convictions of a lifetime. I missed a good many of the words, however, by reason of the fact that I was sitting close to the orchestra, and an experience of that sort always keeps me so busy recalling the commandment which forbids us to commit murder. I have not the courage to say that I like music; but, on the other hand, it has always been my proud boast that I am not afraid of it, and if the management of the Lyric thought they could frighten me by placing me in the front row of the stalls, I am sorry to have to disappoint gentlemen actuated by such benevolent intentions. Whatever I may be, I hope I shall always have courage enough to face the music.

A very charming character is that of a Hungarian, Gabor Szabo, very agreeably represented by Mr. Maurice Farkoa, who is, I believe, a native of that sunny land in which love-making is a sixth sense. Gabor has met the Countess at a dance, and as he learns that she is Hungarian also, he naturally concludes that if he climbs into her boudoir one evening he will be very welcome. I mean, hang it all, we are none of us patriots for nothing. Of course, Gabor is entirely mistaken. The Censor, whoever he may be at the moment, would see to that. The Countess is in love with her husband, and has not the least intention of supplanting him. When, however, the Countess learns that her husband will not be staying at home to dinner after all, she summons her Hungarian friend from the garden. Gabor strolls in as if he had been expecting such a summons all along, and as he sits down at the supper-table he requests that he may have in the morning tea instead of coffee, and two thin slices of dry toast, which is, of course, quite all right. Most of us have our little fads in dietetic matters. Another very good part is that of the Governor of the New Age prison, Mr. Tom A. Shale, who has some very funny stories to tell in the course of the evening. I think I shall try and make up my mind really to steal one of those stories—not, of course, for dinner-parties. I shall reserve it for the club. JINGLE

(*The music of "Nightbirds" is reviewed on page 92*)



Another success for mid-Victorian music! First Offenbach at His Majesty's, now Johann Strauss at the Lyric. Of course, the libretti are adapted, but it is most interesting to note the vitality of the old airs

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUNR.

Who is now playing in the revue at the Theatre Rejane, Paris. He is here caricatured by Jean Gast while himself caricaturing Nijinski, the famous Russian dancer

ONE of the most annoying things I know is the feeling that what you want to say is the most interesting thing you ever have wanted to say just at the moment when you cannot get anybody to say it to. I woke up with a big idea of that kind the other morning. What with Christmas and New Year, and the uncertain feeding of such a week, which always induces puzzlement as to whether one is more Anglo-French than one is Franco-English, after a week in which champagne and oysters, black-and-white puddings and plum-pudding, turkey and sucking-pig, and various other things of the kind have wrestled madly with each other, and your digestion as a battle-ground, dreaming comes easy. It isn't the easiest kind of dreaming, but that is by the way. And the other night I sat up in bed, threw the Church of the Sacré Cœur which had been on my chest out of the window, and told my companion—

Annoying

I'M sure I beg your pardon. You do not wish to be initiated into these intimate details I am certain. But the whole point was that, as she refused emphatically to listen to my dream, and I must tell somebody about it, I am going to tell you. People say that you can dream a whole lifetime in a few seconds. I dreamed a very full twelvemonth. As far as I remember the beginning, my aeroplane collided with another taxiplane half-way across the Channel, and when our two chauffeurs had finished cursing one another I recognised Mr. Charles Brookfield as the man who bumped me. He was on his way over to Paris to see what really ought to shock him now that he was Censor, and I turned back to Paris with him, and had to pay my airman something extra for the privilege. I didn't manage to shock Brookfield. He wouldn't be shocked. He said that all the dreadful things I showed him had been done in London long ago,

A Dream of 1912

and labelled Art. Then—you know how queerly things do happen in dreams—Georges Feydeau, the dramatic author, whose plays have never got on to the London stage because *The Girl from Maxim's* is the mildest of them, met us, and was horribly shocked because he saw an English mother kiss her son on the lips. And just at that minute Mr. Harry Lauder came out of the Louvre, which he wanted to buy for a shooting-box, and remarked that there was nothing very new in my surprise, for French and English people had been shocked at one another when Adam wore kilts. The Kaiser leaned out of an upper window and said that Adam never had worn kilts. "That's what caused the trouble," said Harry Lauder, and began to gurgle that absurdly infectious laugh of his. And the next minute we were in Trafalgar Square.

THERE was a meeting of the unemployed. The commissionaire of THE BYSTANDER office had been enrolled as a private constable, and he and I sat on one of the lions and watched the hungry crowd go slowly past. I recognised a number of people whom I knew by sight. There were several politicians whose names and politics I decline to mention, though I am sure Mr. Winston Churchill will not

In Trafalgar Square

mind my putting on record that he was no longer President of the British Republic, and after playing Pooh Bah in a *Mikado* touring company for some time, was now out of work again. He had been told, I remember, that promises and not power were what was wanted from politicians in 1912. There were numbers of Suffragettes in rags. The women who formed the Government now had no use for the women who had got them into power. They were too talkative. The commissionaire explained that we had always had a petticoat Government really, but that we hadn't realised it before. And suddenly, behind the Suffragettes, I saw all Fleet Street. The editors and the news agencies were running the papers between them in 1912, and journalists were not wanted. The commissionaire's view was that in 1913 there wouldn't be any editors either, and that an agency which could not supply anything more up-to-date than next week's news would be out of the running. Wireless messages were out of date. Newsless news items were the latest fad. And the starved-looking dramatists who followed the journalists were the result of the craze for plotless plays without dialogue. Producers telephoned them direct to the stage.

I HAD dreamed all kinds of other things before I found myself reflecting on my latter end on the hard, cold floor, wide awake (the floor and I), and feeling my position acutely. And since my dream I have come to the conclusion that it was a warning. I know what caused it. I was impressed by the publication of newspaper retrospects of 1911 in several papers on December 30. They couldn't wait till January 1, and the day before was Sunday. Then I began to wonder whether we should have annual retrospects written in March for end-year numbers to be published in July before long, and so my brain, weakened by year-end living, was prepared for the nightmare.

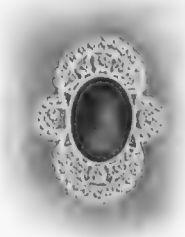
What It All Meant

"Pity—Like a New-Born Babe"—SHAKESPEARE

First Blood (*aged nineteen*): "What! don't you skate with Miss Smith any more?"
Second Blood (*aged eighteen*): "No, old chap. Got tired of her weeks ago—bored me"
First Blood: Poor little 'gel'"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

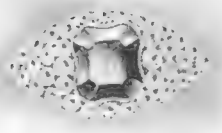
Platinum scarfpin with pear-shaped Tecla pearl and real diamonds.



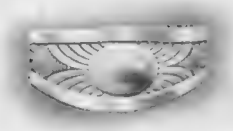
Tecla ruby ring in openwork design set with diamonds.

Scarfpin with Tecla pearl set in cluster of sapphires and real diamonds.

Pendant with Tecla cabochon sapphire, suspended from delicate leaf formation in platinum and diamonds.



Tecla emerald ring set with real diamonds.



Cabochon Tecla emerald ring in gold, with platinum borders.

Velvet neck band with *motif* of fine *reperé* work. Tecla pearls and real diamonds.

LATEST CREATIONS IN *JOAILLERIE* FROM TECLA'S.

Mrs. Vivian Usborne, at the Mendoza Galleries

PAINTING the MYSTERY of the MODERN WOMAN

Mrs. Rowland Percy Walters, on view at the Mendoza Galleries, Bond Street

THE WORK OF ANTRON VAN WELIE

AT the Mendoza Galleries, in Bond Street, Mr. Antron van Welie is now showing some eighty of his most interesting paintings. Few winter collections are so varied, so interesting, so intentional, as these sketches, portraits, nocturnes, and romances. From the "Dutch Girl Knitting" to the "Box," here reproduced, from the fine "Duchess de Lousada," to the convincing "M. Tellegen in *Coriolanus*," all are worthy of careful study and critical admiration, for they are the work of a painter, cosmopolitan in his taste and cunning in his art, above the common. His successes are certain among his sitters, for while he can certainly not be said to flatter his drawing is composed with the utmost sympathy and developed with abundant insight. If one happened to be the type of lady of forty that Mr. Henry James gives us in the Lady Sandgate of "The Outcry," "with bold, kind eyes, bright, important hair," and so forth, there is no man in the world who could do one such complete justice and at the same time please one so well as Mr. Welie.

His "Miss Maddy Vegtel" of the Hague is the most entrancing portrait of a young girl seen in Europe since an early work of Whistler. Here, as in all his best pictures, he allows his sitter to suggest his method of work, with the result that he presents the most diverse characters in absolutely different manners. The only quality which belongs to all is infinite charm. Although wonderfully successful in the drawing of many of his pictures, in others he makes delightfully boyish mistakes, which, when you have seen his many victories, draw you more closely to him as an artist. For example, his rather *posé* "Monsieur Edmond Rostand" is packed into a chair so small as to make one uncomfortable even to look at it, and one of his portraits of "Mrs. Rowland Percy Walters" has so elegant an air as to recall some early Victorians. A popular success has been for some time "The Lady with the Mask," showing the kind, slightly worn, beautiful face of the real woman, and her social, smiling mask. The idea has been used before, but is still effective in hinting the charm and mystery of modern women as reproduced in portraiture—a subject on which the artist has been lecturing lately at Mrs. Hodgkinson's house. His method of dealing with this idea is very attractive—from Madame Aino Ackté in *Salome* and Mlle. Gaby Deslys to the Marchioness of Anglesey; from the beautiful and sophisticated Mlle. Cecile Sarel, of the Comédie Française, in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* as the Princess de Bouillon, even unto the "young April" charm of his most lovely picture, "Miss Vegtel," he displays his cleverness again and again.

The charm is over all—his men as well as women; but as to mystery, that is another affair. Ought one ever really to tell the truth about women? I should say certainly not, so one adventures for a moment. There is no mystery about woman, ancient or modern. Her elegant and perfumed secrets are open as the lotus in the moment of its zenith. I am afraid the men of science know this. But the wise—and who so gifted in this direction as the artists?—keep the illusion of mystery ever fresh and free for us. It is shown no less in the Monna Lisa, or in Gainsborough's Mrs. Robinson, or in all of Reynolds's great company of delightful ladies, than in the latest work of Mr. Welie. But it is the skill of the artist that gives it, in the present case, a certain touch of technique which robes the young and old alike with the romance and mystery which it is, I suppose, always the pleasure of man to maintain. EGAN MEW

ROMANCE O

"THE BOX"

Mr. Antron van Welie is exhibiting the above pictures, amongst others, at the Mendoza Galleries in Bond Street. Hi
persuade us still exists. The romance of the picture

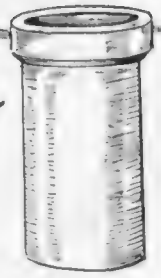
WOMANHOOD

"WHEN EVERYTHING IS NOTHING"

aiture suggests most admirably that mystery and charm of modern woman which it is the artist's business at all costs to
e is evident even in the absence of the fine colouring

BYSTANDER STORYETTE—No. 4

HIS CHANNEL TO FAME



AN ABSURDITY

BY VIVIAN CARTER

CHAPTER I.

THE dark, occult-looking Frenchwoman had found Thomas Brown amusing for fully five minutes. He—then aged about twenty-four or so—had talked wittily of most things.

"If you wrote as you talked," she said.

"I do—and better," he replied.

"Then you should be famous already. But, Monsieur Thomas Brown, I have never heard your name."

"And doubtless you never will."

She looked reproachful.

"Why so pessimistic at your age? Let me read your palm. There."

She took his hand. The examination made, she looked up at him.

"You *will* become famous, Thomas Brown, but long, long hence. Long after fame matters to you. And you will achieve fame suddenly and through quite an unexpected channel."

"Thank you," said Thomas, cheerfully. "Better late than never."

Soon after, he went back to London for thirty years. While there, he went on writing. He delivered manuscripts in the spirit of the milkman, at regular houses of call—manuscripts written to the exact length, and suited to the exact requirements of this editor, that, and the other. In some cases he was expected to turn out leading articles at a moment's notice on subjects with which he was reputed familiar. Some editors expected from him literary notes, others gossipy personalities. For some he wrote verse, for others dialogues. Now and again he would indite a "middle" for one of the weekly reviews, or an anonymous political criticism for one of the monthlies. Stories, too, he wrote, but never as Thomas Brown. His disbelief in the possibility of fame under such a name was invincible, and never once during all these years did it ever occur to him to pay a moment's attention to the prophecy of the Frenchwoman.

When he did make a name, it was invariably somebody else's. Thus, the famous speeches of a certain Minister, delivered, you will remember, at Barking Creek, attacking the personal characters of Fellows of the Royal Society and other high institutions, were actually the work of Thomas Brown. Even the *local*, Barking Creek, was his suggestion. He, too, had fathered the celebrated "Gum-whopper"—the falsehood disseminated far and wide by another Minister to the effect that when the Conservatives returned to power there would be no gum provided on the Insurance Stamps, and that, therefore, a new burden would be lain on the household. Little knew the public that the notorious utterer of this untruth was merely a dealer in second-hand lies.

Thomas wrote novels, but published none. Three refusals in each case were sufficient to damp his enthusiasm for his art-work. But he did write one play for which the reputed author, having paid Thomas his fee, received universal plaudits.

But fame for himself—no. Thomas gained none of it. Few persons knew who he was, or particularly what he did. A modest fellow, he never talked shop even at the top of his voice in his club. Residing in the country, he seemed to prefer to be thought anything by profession rather than a literary hack. He even smiled pleasantly when it was alleged locally that he was a bookmaker's tout. His principal recreation was walking across country clad in thick rainproof clothes and hobnail boots. As he grew older, a desire for roughness and shabbiness and to lose identity—even such as he had—became almost morbid with him.

But still Fame did not tap at the door, nor even at his back garden gate. She remained persistently a stranger to him, the while whisking up approvingly any chance charlatan who beckoned to her.

CHAPTER II.

It is said that when a man reaches the age of fifty-five or thereabouts a certain change takes place in him which makes him the prey of mad impulses. At fifty-five, Thomas at last definitely decided that before he died the world ought, at all events, to know that it had accommodated his particular flesh. He began the New Year by taking out his accumulated press-cutting albums, in which he had pasted those of his essays, stories, dialogues, etc., of which he had thought most highly. As he went through them, he marked in blue pencil those which, with a word of two of alteration, might be found amusing after his death, would but some Boswell stitch them together. At about this time he did, in a half-dream, while walking across a newly developing building estate some miles from his home, recall the prophecy of the palmist.

"You will achieve fame, and through quite an unexpected channel." Pondering upon it, he sat down on the rounded surface of a sheaf of new drain-pipes. Near him, in all directions, were other sheafs of drain-pipes. Then land was about to be "developed" for building purposes. A little distant he heard from a shed near by the soft whistling of the man in charge of the works.

"Through quite an unexpected channel," he repeated to himself. The whistling went on. Twilight fell. He got up. "Channel," he muttered, several times in succession. Then he put his hand on one of the drain-pipes. As he did so, a certain indefinable desire came over him. The pipe was not too heavy to be lifted. Could be carried with comfort for at least a mile. The village (Little Peevisham, some ten miles from his home) was distant about that. Thomas, drain-pipe and all, ran well, and outran the pursuant overseer, but ran into the village policeman. The consequences were the usual ones, and that is all about that.

. . . . . .

Now the announcement that—

> THOMAS BROWN, described as of no occupation, a shabbily dressed man of fifty-five, was charged before the magistrate at Little Peevisham with stealing one drain-pipe, the property of the Peevisham Rural District Council

ought not, in the ordinary course of things, to have attracted even a three-line par in a local, let alone a London paper. It is an age, however, when publicity is not always given in relation to the importance of the thing published. The merest trifles will sometimes float into print. In the administration of Justice, petty offences will often obtain world-wide publicity thanks to a magisterial *mot* of little merit.

On the Peevisham Bench there happened to be a magistrate whose principal ambition was to be known as the Peevisham Plowden. Over and over again did he practise his witticisms, but the Press most persistently refused to act as the medium of their dissemination. You see, journalists did not actually haunt and throng the purlieus of the Peevisham Police Court. On the occasion of the hearing of the drain-pipe case there happened to be one of these in court. The presiding J.P. had scented in the drain-pipe quite an exceptional chance, and had secured the attendance of the representative of a leading halfpenny daily.

"And," asked this magistrate (Mr. Peter Tompkins) after the evidence had been taken, "is this the first time, Brown, you have stolen a drain-pipe?"

"Positively," replied Thomas, with a precision of pronunciation that caused some of the hearers to look up and to notice also the decidedly intellectual cast of the prisoner's countenance.

"And what possessed you to possess yourself of so unsavoury, though doubtless so useful, an article?"

"I deny the 'unsavoury,'" spoke up Thomas. "The pipe had never been used. Strictly speaking, it is a very debatable point whether it can be called a drain-pipe at all. To be a drain-pipe, it is questionable whether a pipe must not have had actual, and not merely potential, contact with drains. This one has had no actual contact, unless its appearance in this court can be considered an equivalent contamination."

The Bench looked startled. It was clearly a case for Mr. Tompkins at his best. His reputation was—once and for all—at stake, and clearly he seemed to realise the fact.

"What possessed you to take a pipe—we'll leave the drains out of it if you insist—that belonged to the Peevisham Rural District Council?" he asked severely.

"I took it," said Thomas, "because I thought it might prove to be . . ." He paused, and as he did so, bowed to Mr. Tompkins, as does a bridge-player saying, "leave it to you, partner." Mr. Tompkins was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity, which he himself had, as stated, scented from the first in the drain-pipe.

"You thought it might prove a channel to notoriety?" he suggested, sternly suppressing a smile, but not his glance at the reporters' table.

Thomas bowed, as the expected titter went round the court.

"You have said it," he said. "Reporters, do your duty."

"And I will do mine," quickly put in the magistrate in approved Plowden style. "Fourteen days."

A tame ending, you say? But it was not an ending. As the representative of the *Daily Nevermind* passed the prisoner, he received from him a foolscap envelope.

"It's all about me," said Thomas, as he was led away. "I got it out for you, in case any of you came down."

"By Jove—a scoop," said the reporter, as he fled stationwards. Next morning there happened a column in the centre page (right) of the *D.N.*

"Writer's Freak and Magistrate's Joke.

"Stolen Drain-Pipe as a Channel to Fame."

There followed an exact report of the case as given above, but after it was a complete and exhaustive list of the achievements (extracted, of course, from Thomas's memoranda), journalistic, literary, dramatic, and political, of the incredible Mr. Brown.

When Thomas came out . . . well, a luxurious car, a swift drive to a country house, a sumptuous lunch, with champagne and cigars, a series of special photographs, a lump sum of money. His collected writings appeared in the course of a few weeks in book form, across the cover of which, diagonally, was impressed a drain-pipe, the lettering along which was:

"My Channel to Fame. By Thomas Brown."

The moral—which is offered to the many scores of Thomas Browns who languish fameless in this London of ours—is merely *Nil Desperandum!* Even to them may come one day a channel to fame as unexpected as this one.

Vivian Carter

IN THE LAND OF THE LOG

A road and bridge built of logs near Lake Huron, Canada. The forest products of Canada constitute her most important source of wealth

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

PAN AND THE PANTOMIME

G. B. Pan

When I first thought of the title for this article it struck me as admirable, for, by "Pan," I meant Mr. Bernard Shaw. But now I see that there is a certain ambiguity; for looking on Boxing Night at the boards of Drury Lane I was overwhelmed by the remembrance of Peter. Yet, if you come to think of Mr. Bernard Shaw, he would make an admirable Pan. He is everywhere; he is sweetly humorous with the remarkably bitter after-taste; it is impossible to get away from him; and he is a great god. All these things was He who invented the Pan-pipes.

Victorious Shaw

Mr. Shaw has conquered the world—the real world, not merely the world of Intellectuals—in a most amazing, in a most bewildering manner. He has really even conquered the pantomime. For the lines upon Boxing Night that made the most impression upon the immense house at Drury Lane were not those referring to the licking of stamps, and were not those referring to the fact that, if you have any money at all, it is nowadays much cheaper to be dead than to be alive, and were not even those referring to Mr. Bonar Law. No, they occurred when Miss Fanny Brough, who was making her first appearance in that class of entertainment, advanced to the footlights to speak her two lines of the epilogue. They were to the effect that this was Fanny's first pantomime, and she hoped the audience would not greet it with "pshaw!" The house did not greet it with "pshaw!" It rocked; it was brought down; there was nothing that it did not do that it could have done in the circumstances.

The Humour of Unhappiness

Of course, a good deal of this was due to Miss Fanny Brough's personal charm. It was an extraordinary charm. I have never seen anybody look so gloriously unhappy upon the stage. In the wings they had shoved her into a pierrot's costume, and she obviously did not like it. Later, they shoved her into a paper-bag in order to cook her in the Ogre's oven, and she still more obviously did not like it. And during the whole unwieldy entertainment she looked upon all the other performers on those boards with the sort of disgusted dislike that you will see upon the face of a suburban lady who has got by accident into a third-class smoking-compartment that contains already the eleven members of a half-intoxicated football team. It was real Shavian humour introduced into the realms of Harry Payne. And although Miss Brough did not herald herself with the words, "Here we are again!" there was no doubt that she was saying for herself and Mr. Shaw, "Here we are for the first time." And it will certainly not be the last.

Shaw's First Pantomime

No, it will certainly not be the last. For Mr. Shaw is everywhere. Not only is he at the Little Theatre, where you would expect him to be, but he is also at the Criterion, where his success mildly surprises one, and he is at the Palace, where he is just simply amazing. (He is not, that is to say, at the Palace at the moment of writing, but I understand that he is to reappear there by the time these words reach the eye of the public. Also I am informed that he has been commissioned to write the Drury Lane pantomime for 1915. By that time Messrs. Glover, G. R. Sims, Dix, Arthur Collins, and everybody else connected with the present *régime* at "The Lane" will have received their peerages, will be millionaires, and will no longer write for this or any other stage.) But at the Palace yesterday Mr. Shaw was, and to-morrow he will be again, just simply amazing. And why he is so really amazing is that there he is really so enlightening. As I have said elsewhere, I am one of the old guard of admirers of Mr. Shaw. When I was a boy in the 'eighties I applauded him for being an Anarchist. Afterwards, in the 'nineties, I groaned at him for "ratting" to Socialism. Afterwards, but still in the 'nineties, I applauded rapturously the very first performance of *Arms and the Man*, and since then I have applauded with a gradually decreasing fervour every one of Mr. Shaw's plays. Now I have found him out—with the aid of the audience of the Palace Theatre.

Shaw—Suburban!

For years, and years, and years—for all these years, in fact—Mr. Shaw has been telling us that he is an acute Irishman. But he is not; he is just a muddled Englishman. For years, and years, and years—for all these years, in fact—Mr. Shaw has been telling us that he is a cosmopolitan writer of modern drama. But he isn't. He is a suburban writer of "well-made plays." Let me dispose of the second accusation first—the accusation of suburbanism. If you go to the Palace Theatre to witness the performance of *How He Lied to Her Husband*, you will be astonished—if, like myself, you are an ardent Shavian of twenty years' standing—to discover that the quite enthusiastic

Youthful Stars

at the Aldwych and Savoy Theatres

Photo] **Miss Midgie Dolphin** [*Corbett*

Who is dancing at the Aldwych

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

Master Philip Tonge

Who plays in *Where the Rainbow Ends*, at the Savoy

Little Miriam Ferris

A fairy at the Aldwych

Photo Hana Studios

Miss Dorothy Turner

A leading "Snowdrop" at the Aldwych

Photograph *Adelphi Studios*

Miss Esme Wynne

As Rosamund in *Where the Rainbow Ends*, at the Savoy

Miss Dot Temple as Betty

In *Where the Rainbow Ends*, at the Savoy

Child talent is much in demand at two of the leading West-End theatres—namely, at the Aldwych and Savoy. At the former *The Golden Land of Fairy Tales* is being performed almost entirely by child actors and actresses, and the programme includes no fewer than five little plays based on well-known fairy-tales. At the latter, *Where the Rainbow Ends* is chiefly in the hands of juveniles

audience does not laugh in the least at what for twenty years you have considered to be excruciatingly funny. It does not begin to laugh when, for instance, the poet announces that he is a first-class boxer. It does not see anything funny in that. Because it just simply does not know anything about poets. It does not even know that they are invariably immoral. But we of the suburbs, who for twenty years have read Mr. Shaw with amusement, tempered by awe, do know all about poets. We know that they are frail creatures, like John Keats, who died of a *Quarterly Review*. So we laugh, so we used to laugh consumedly, when the young poet of *How He Lied to Her Husband* proposed to smash the husband to a pulp after he had abducted the wife. And all the jokes of Mr. Shaw's at which we used to laugh were calculated to appeal to a suburban audience—to a small clique whose men wore flannel shirts, whose women wore dresses of curtain serge and amber beads; whose favourite reading consisted of the 3,198 Fabian tracts; who were all of them members of the Fabian Society, and who had the most sternly and Puritanically immoral views about the sanctity of marriage.

A Blow for the Earnest

But the good audience at the Palace Theatre, and the good audience at the Criterion, know nothing about these things. The audience at the Criterion is slightly more suburban than that at the Palace, but even there Mr. Shaw has come out into the open. Mr. Loraine's reading of *Man and Superman* is not Mr. Granville Barker's. The Fabian jokes of the play are not underlined, but the cranky amiabilities of Mr. Stephen Tanner appear not Fabian, but human oddities, fit to appeal to people who have never heard about Fabian tracts. Similarly, to return to the performance at the Palace Theatre, what we old Shavians used to regard with awe and reverence the audience there just roars at. For the audience does just roar with delighted laughter at the eccentric husband who wants to be smashed into pulp by a young poet insufficiently eager to abduct his wife. This struck the Palace audience as being merely the turn of genius in a cranky and amusing story. To us of the old guard who wore flannel shirts or curtain serge and amber beads, it was the voice of the master prophet preaching an inspired ethics — to the effect that the marriage tie is not sacred, and that every commercial husband ought to desire to facilitate his wife's running away with a poet.

The Professional Playwright

That was what it really amounted to. And you see Mr. Shaw, with the ingenious plots of all his plays from the time when he wrote *Man and Superman* until the time when so dismally he failed with his "conversation plays," was just giving us "well-made" plays in disguise. It was just Gilbert and Sullivan without the Sullivan, and with immensely better construction. *Arms and the Man* was a well-made play; *Man and Superman* was a well-made play; *John Bull's Other Island* was a well-made play. *Major Barbara* was not quite such a well-made play. *Getting Married* was rather a bore. For the fact is that Mr. Shaw is too English to write "conversation plays." If you want a good and really thrilling play of that description, you have to go to some sort of foreigner—*The Lower Depths* was thrilling and sustaining because poor, dear Maxim Gorky really felt, and his emotions carried you along. So it was with the Irish Players, too. So it is with some German writers. But Mr. Shaw is absolutely heartless. He doesn't feel anything at all. That is why his humour is hard and unpleasant; that is why his characters are all hard and unpleasant characters. I am not in the least reproaching him for this. It is a jolly good thing that in some manifestation of English art there should be something that does not taste like the cream from inside an inferior chocolate. But in his "conversations" Mr. Shaw does not feel and he does preach, and a preacher who preaches without feeling is inevitably a bore.

Literature in the Theatre

Indeed, when it comes to putting a problem upon the stage, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is a vastly less experienced playwright, simply does "stunts" all round Mr. Shaw. On the whole, I think we may be glad that the literary touch is bubbling up through the fissures of theatrical slate. For Mr. Shaw is a literary man; Mr. Barrie is a literary man; M. Maeterlinck is a literary man; Mr. Gordon Craig is more a literary man than anything else. And Boxing Night's pantomime at the "Lane" showed the influences of all these gentlemen. The stage was frequently in complete darkness, and there were all sorts of limelight effects. That was Mr. Gordon Craig. The introduction of Miss Fanny Brough, who, in a ladylike way, was quite out of the picture, was just a Shavian touch. The adorable little Hop-o'-My-Thumb, played in a way to bring tears to your eyes by Miss—or was it Master?—Renée Mayer—that was just a miniature edition of Miss Pauline Chase playing Peter Pan. And there were boring interludes with ingenious scenic effects that were for all the world as unbearably dismal as M. Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* itself. But the old pantomime humour was almost altogether gone. There was no bibulous comedian in woman's clothes, but there was a dry, quaint king who had lost his memory, played by an actor who was a genius in his way. There was also quite a funny horse that bit a strolling player. But that was the last relic of the old days.

The New Pantomime

And what an amazing house! How it roared. It suggested that it was the arbiter of the destiny of great nations. But, at any rate, Mr. George R. Sims and his colleagues have discovered that what the public wants is *The Blue Bird* plus *Peter Pan* plus the stage effects of Mr. Gordon Craig—plus, above all, the suburban English humour of Mr. Shaw. Nevertheless, I hope when Mr. Shaw comes to write the pantomime in 1915 he will leave us the comedian of genius playing a king who has lost his memory and a funny horse that will bite out, let us say, the red whiskers of the stage dramatist. But probably he will not. Well, well, the old order changeth, yielding place to . . .

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

How Our Navy is Officered

THE ADMIRAL AND OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "IRRESPONSIBLE." DRAWN FROM LIFE BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

(Further naval studies to follow weekly)

Riviera Notes

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER OFF TO THE RIVIERA

A Dull Christmas

THINGS have at last begun to liven up, and by the time this sees print the season should be in full swing. Christmas was distinctly dull. There were fewer arrivals than usual, and the various *reveillons* were marked by no special gaiety, save, perhaps, at Ciro's, where the fun lasted till about 3 a.m., after which a good many went on to those restaurants whose chief attraction is the fact that they keep open until the sun shines. A couple of Germans beat all records at one of these places the other evening by sitting down to supper at midnight and keeping the band playing till 11 a.m. the following day! This little fête cost them the respectable sum of £150!

Few Winners

DON JAIME DE BOURBON provided us with our holiday sensation by winning considerably over twenty thousand pounds in a couple of days at trente-et-quarante, and then rushing off to San Remo to rest his weary brain. Don Jaime is a great and a singularly cool gambler. His favourite games are trente-et-quarante and baccara, and he lost a large sum at the latter at the Paris Travellers' Club some years ago. Lord Furness has been another constant gambler of late, but luck has been against him. Indeed, taking it all round, winners in the Rooms, new or old, have been very few and far between of late—a fact which by no means suits the *croupiers'* book. An employé confessed to me the other day that the tips had been decreasing considerably in amount, and that last week he had only succeeded in doubling his salary of last year.

The Sun Palace

THE biggest event of late has been the reopening of the Palais de Soleil, under the ubiquitous Mr. H. Ruhl's management. And a great addition it is proving to the attractions of Monte. There is a capital music-hall show, which one can see and hear from the restaurant balcony while dining, and the cooking and wine are of the very best. And then, of course, there are those irresistible magnets, baccarat and boule. A little later on there is sure to be a big game of the former at this new edition of the Palais de Soleil, which promises to be a great success all round. It will make a pleasant change from the eternal Rooms and Sporting Club.

Wells v. McCoy

WE are going to be very sporting on the Riviera this season. There will be the usual racing, golf, tennis, croquet, polo, archery, and motor-boat racing, of course, but in addition to these we are promised two big—very big—fights—one between the famous Kid McCoy and the equally famous Bombardier Wells and another between Carpentier and Sullivan. The former is to take place at the Nice Casino, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, and the latter at Monte Carlo. McCoy, who is training every day at a restaurant on the Promenade des Anglais, is also a "professor of physical culture," and so far as he himself is concerned there seems to be a good deal in his system. Needless to say, he is sure he can lick Wells! Another sporting event that an American impresario is trying to arrange is a Marathon race between Monte Carlo and Nice, to be run in March. But so far the idea is only "in the air."

Sport at Nice

THE racing crowd is now in great evidence at Nice, the Royal and the France, and their respective bars, sharing the honour of their patronage. The jockeys are great patrons of the baccarat table, too, and seldom leave Nice with full pockets. Apart from *ces sportsmen*, the Nice arrivals are scarcely notable, with the exception of Lord and Lady Morley, who are spending a quiet time at the Hermitage. Lord and Lady Furness are also at Cimiez, where the Duke of Westminster may stay later on. The popular "Bend Or" is, they say, to preside at the fête to be given at the Cercle de la Mediterranée, of which he is a vice-president, in March. The Cercle, by the way, is now open, and is proving fairly popular.

A Smart Club

THE Imperial, now known as the "County Club," is proving once again *the* smart rendezvous of Nice. The club adjoins the Hotel Imperial, and provides skating, tennis, archery, fencing, billiards, bridge, and, above all, dancing as its attractions. It has been enormously improved since last year, and is kept as "select" as the Nice visitors' list will allow. They talk of making a polo-ground later on in connection with this club, whose President, the Baron de St. Març, was one of the founders of the polo at Cannes.

Polo at Cannes

THINGS are quiet at Cannes as yet, but, then, its season is always the latest to get into swing. Mr. McKenna has been among the patrons of the links, where Lord Kinnoull is to be found most days, to say nothing of the Grand Duke Michael, who seldom misses a day. Polo begins next week, and the ponies have already arrived. The ground is in splendid condition, and as a crowd of "cracks" are to be here later there should be some fine matches.

A Useful Tip

A HINT to those who want to stop at Marseilles on their way out. Let them stay at the Regina, by far the most modern hotel in the place, with bathrooms to most of the bedrooms, etc. Marseilles well deserves a day or two's stay; it is a beautiful and an interesting city. And then there is the *bouillabaisse!*

R. W. M.

Who's Who on the Riviera

WHERE THE WEATHER HAS BEEN QUITE AS MILD AS IN LONDON AND PARIS

MR. REGINALD NICHOLSON (RIGHT)
Manager of the "Times," "relaxes" at Monte Carlo

MLLE. REGINA BADET
The French "star," who is appearing at the Variety, Nice

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS AND VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY
At Monte Carlo

MLLE. ANNA PAVLOVA
At the door of the Hotel Métropole, Monte Carlo

THE EARL OF WARWICK AND THE DUKE OF LEEDS
At Monte Carlo

DON JAIME DE BOURBON
Leaving Ciro's, one of the most famous restaurants in the world

Familiar faces in Monte have been scarce of late. The Duke and Duchess of Leeds have been to and from Bordighera. Lord Warwick and Lady Helmsley have been over from Cap Martin most days; Prince and Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh are at their usual quarters at the Paris, and will stay throughout the Nice race-meeting; Mlle. Anna Pavlova and Mlle. Regina Badet have represented the stage, Mrs. Frankau (Frank Danby) literature, and Mr. Reginald Nicholson journalism. A few pigeon-shooters have made their appearance, and the racing division come over from Nice on the off-days

The Bystander in Berlin

A FOURTEEN PARTY FIGHT AT THE GERMAN GENERAL ELECTION

A Red-Letter Day

THE second day after the date of this BYSTANDER will be Germany's greatest. It will be General Election day. It is as hard to deal with Germany's fourteen parties in a page of THE BYSTANDER as to handle British Nonconformist sects in a page of *Simplicissimus*. But the election is of vital importance to every Briton; and here goes.

How They Stand

THE strength of the parties (leaving out nine) in the Twelfth Reichstag, now dead and damned, at the date of dissolution, was as follows:

Conservatives (three separate parties)	105
Centre (Catholic, solid and disciplined)	102
Poles, Hanoverians, Alsatians (vote Centre)	29
National-Liberals (ultra-National, little L.b.) ..	54
Volkspartei (Left Radicals, *Daily Newsy*)	50
Social Democrats (anti-Social, anti-Democratic) ..	53
Non-party (mostly violent partisans)	4

The first three parties, counting together 236, are the present Government majority coalition, known as "the Blue-Black Block." They represent Agrarian Tory Junkerism and Catholic Clericalism. The other three parties, counting together 157, are the opposition. That is, they oppose the Blue-Black Block; but they have nothing else in common; and the Liberal-Radical section is at open war with the Socialists. The Blue-Black Block exists only since midsummer, 1909. From the General Election of 1907 until 1909, Prince Buelow found his majority in the "Buelow Block," that is, the Conservatives, National-Liberals, and Radicals, while the Centre were in opposition with the Socialists. When the Financial Reform came up, the Conservatives refused to vote for Death Duties; and over this quarrelled with their Liberal-Radical allies, and dissolved partnership. The Centre thereupon allied itself with the Conservatives; and the two parties passed their own scheme of Financial Reform, without Death Duties. When Buelow in consequence resigned, Bethmann-Hollweg took the two as Government coalition, and they have since supported him, which means that he has done what they told him. That meant a return to the condition which existed between 1879 and December, 1906, when the Conservatives and Centre between them ruled Germany. The National-Liberals and Radicals joined the Socialists in opposition.

MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

A Radical cartoon (from "Ulk") showing the guillotine above the Conservatives and Centre party. The German General Election day is on January 12

The Platforms

THE Blue-Black Block is fighting the Election on the defensive. The battle-cry of the three opposition parties is, "Away with the Block." Business here plays a greater rôle than sentiment. The National-Liberal and Radical parties between them represent the manufacturing, trading, finance, and urban consuming interests, and these resent the taxes imposed by the Blue-Black Block in 1909. The National-Liberals, in particular, have written on their banner, "Death Duties or Death." The Socialists naturally also are opposed to the 1909 taxes, as a *bourgeois* contrivance of oppression.

Tactful Alliances

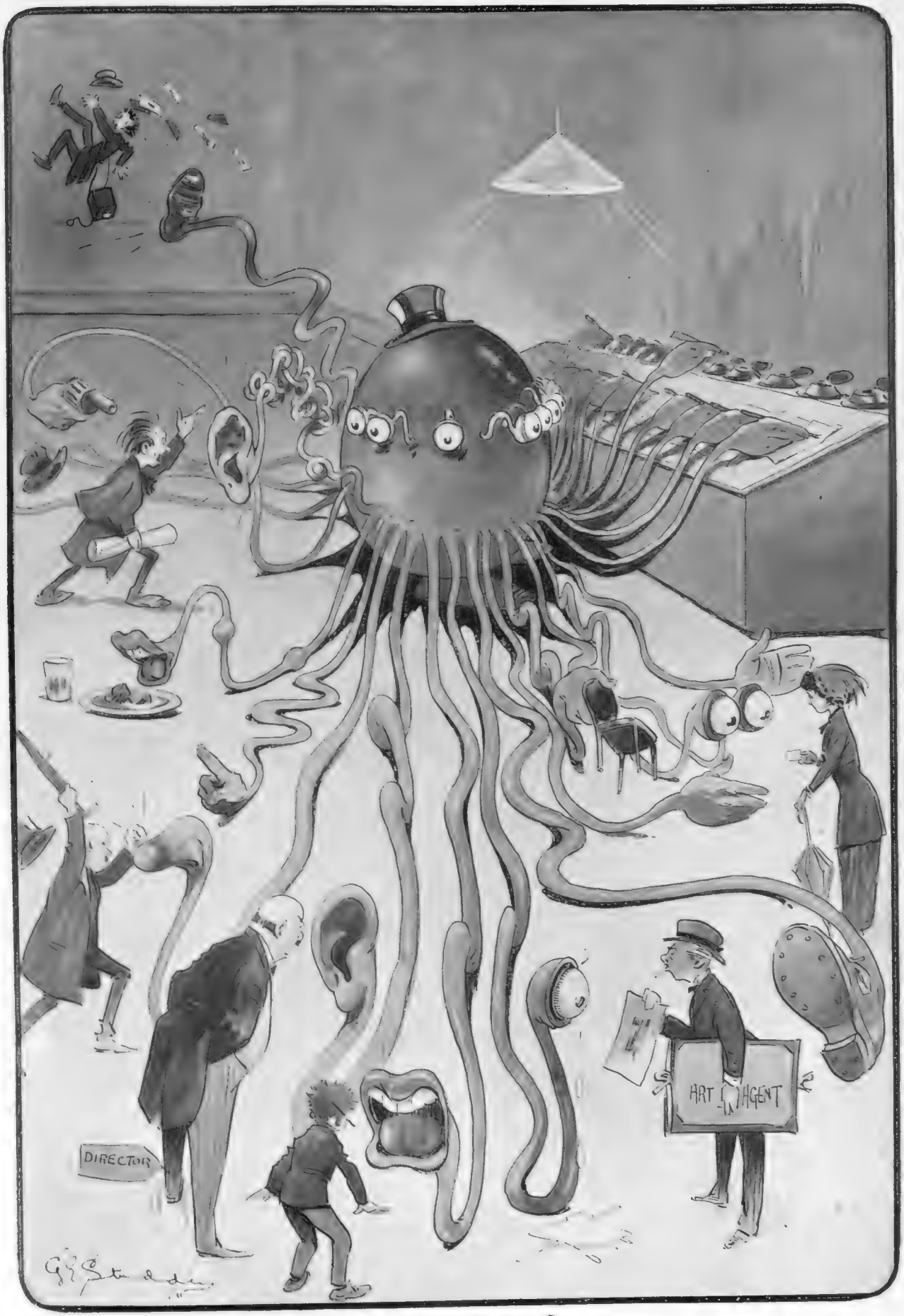
CENTRE and Conservatives have made party deals to prevent loss of seats by splitting votes. The Centre has given the Conservatives a specially big share of seats. On the Opposition side, the National-Liberals and Radicals have made a similar tactical deal. The Socialists are fighting for their own hand against all four *bourgeois* parties. Some Radicals lament this. They say that the only way to destroy the Blue-Black Block is to form a "Gross Block," or electoral union of Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists. This ideal has not been realised. Many Liberals will support Conservatives against Socialists. The Radical Press appeals to its readers, however, to vote Socialist rather than Conservative or Centre. So far no man knows what the readers will do.

Will Socialism Win?

THE National-Liberals are beating against England the high patriotic drum. They know it's good business. But the Radicals and Socialists are pacifist (except among themselves). The Radicals and Socialists want lower tariffs or none, whereas the Liberals stand by the present tariff. So that neither of the two opposing party groups has a homogeneous programme. People predict that the Socialists will be the main, or the only, winners. They have won ten seats out of the forty-eight by-elections, and lost none. No other party can show a margin of gains over losses. Probably the Socialists will get back the eighty-one seats they won in 1903. The final result will not be known till after January 25, because in districts where on January 12 no candidate gets half the total vote, a second election must be held.

The Editorial Monster

AS HE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN CREATED BY A REALLY MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE



EXPLANATION

This drawing (which is here inserted to fill the place of a subject which failed at the last moment) is our artist's idea of an editor as he ought to have been made in order efficiently to deal with the various simultaneous calls on his attention. Close examination of the picture will not be a waste of time. It will reveal many subtle humours

BY G. E. STUDDY

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

The Little Red Book

The Importance of Being in Baedeker can hardly be overestimated. Many towns must owe what commercial prosperity they possess to the researches of that indefatigable man. And it is curious to note how many apparently intelligent people find it utterly impossible to tell you what they have seen on their travels, unless they have more or less carefully prepared their lesson in Baedeker. I know an elderly lady, accustomed to travel abroad each winter, who invariably insists on relating her "adventures" in the various places she has visited. It is difficult to listen to her without smiling, for she is doing no more than reciting page after page of Baedeker. She has not a single original observation to make, but she has missed nothing which Mr. Baedeker in his wisdom has recommended. She talks quite well, I admit, and introduces the occasional historical vignette with some skill, but she is, of course, a fraud. Deprived of the little red book, she would return home storyless and dissatisfied. She would be in the unfortunate position of the backward schoolboy temporarily minus his "crib." Baedeker is one of the finest "cribs" in existence. Which reminds me of what an old master of mine used to say on the subject: "If you *must* use a crib, use it after you have prepared your lesson."

Photograph *Pamela Pym*

MR. JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

The distinguished author and dramatist, whose play, "Bella Donna" (based on Mr. Robert Hichens's novel), is now running with great success at the St. James's Theatre

Goldring v. Baedeker

Mr. Douglas Goldring, I fancy, might agree with this dictum. It is a habit of Mr. Goldring's suddenly to discover that he detests London and his work and the various people he is meeting. (In this respect he is not unique.) So he goes to Charing Cross, and leaps into some train or other, and miraculously wakes up in some quiet little French town, about which the unsurpassable Mr. Baedeker has little to say. Then Mr. Goldring walks about this town and proceeds to have remarkable adventures. Then something upsets him, and he returns to London. Then he writes down what has occurred, and, perhaps, just something else that might have occurred, but did not. Then he shows what he has written to Mr. Edgar Lander, who draws piquant sketches of places and people, including Mr. Goldring, who has gold hair, himself. The result of all these complicated doings is an enchanting book called *Ways of Escape* (Melrose: 5*s*. net). Here you may read of the adventures which befell Mr. Goldring in Liège, Lyons, Marseilles, Tarascon, Amiens, Rouen, and half a dozen other places. The author has what I may call the cheery, out-of-door style. And he has an eye, rather a remarkable eye, for a pretty face. The story of the Lustrous Walloon, discovered at Liège, will be appreciated even by the ordinary tourist, who rarely has eyes for the people about him. In Lyons they did not like the author's footgear, and in Rouen he met three assistant-masters holidaying—in the wrong kind of way. (I need hardly say that Mr. Goldring does things of that sort in the right kind of way.) At Nîmes he witnessed a bull-fight, and in the book there is about as good a description of the fight as I have ever seen. At Namur he made friends with one of those poor little *café*-dancers whose histories, when discovered, make such sad reading. And so on. Mr. Goldring has written a thoroughly excellent book which I recommend not only to those who worship Baedeker, but also to those who, unlike the author, are unable to make the periodic escapes from their own country which obviously mean so much to himself.

Irish Humour

Given a small town in Ireland with a harbour and a few public-houses in its near vicinity, a prison with a prisoner keen on regaining his liberty, a Resident-Magistrate who is not above playing roulette himself and punishing a pushful compatriot for joining his game, a retired sea-captain or two, a few Town Councillors more than usually jealous of one another, and rival newspapers not completely closed to personalities, and your true humorist should make an interesting book—provided that he really knows his town. Mr. Edmund Downey knows such a town very well indeed, and in *Dunleary* (Sampson Low: 6*s*.) paints several curious portraits, and has some delicious stories to tell. According to him, Dunleary is a small town in Munster, which was once a flourishing seaport. It now contains numerous "characters," the most amusing of whom is Captain Rodgers. The worthy man's reputed learning follows upon his repeated use of three unusual words—critayrion, impinge, and desideratum—a delightful trio which occur every few moments in his conversation. Mr. Downey is a good entertainer.

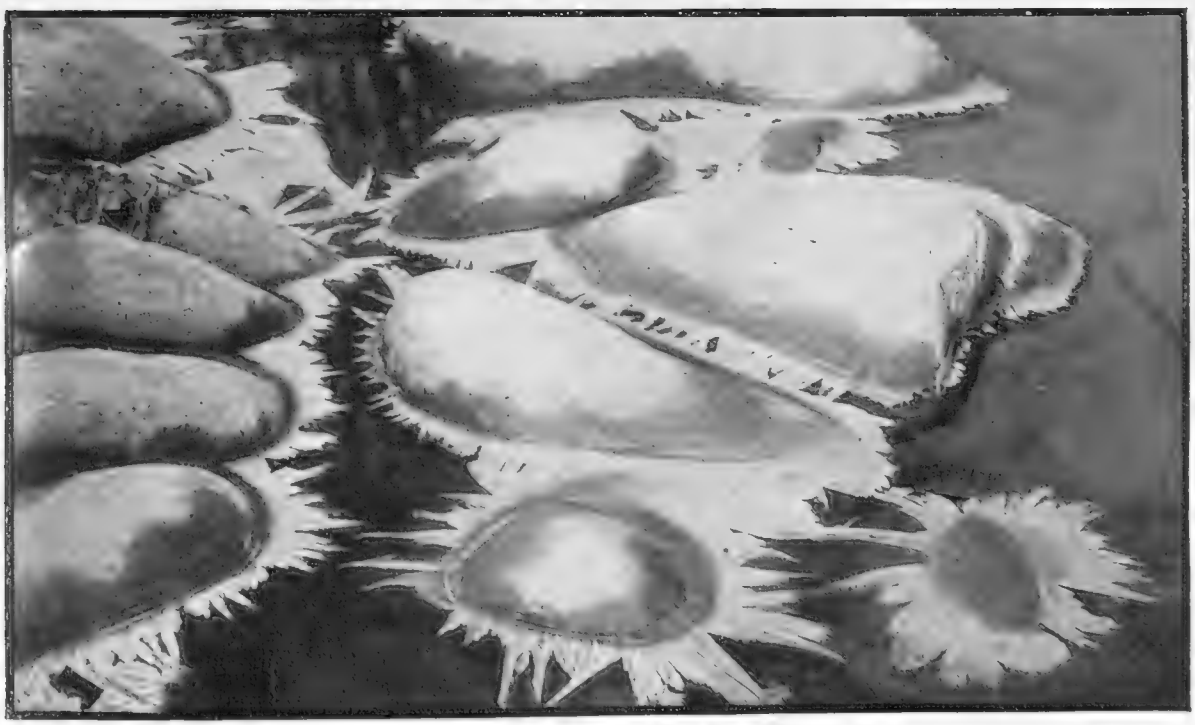
RALPH STRAUS

Fanciful King Frost

SOME OF HIS BRILLIANT IMITATIONS OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS

HYACINTH AND DAFFODIL BULBS OF ICE

A BANK OF ICE MOSS



WATER-LILIES OF SNOW AND ICE

Dance Music in General

And that of "Nightbirds" in Particular

JOHANN VON STRAUSS [1825-1899]
The composer of "Die Fledermaus," a version of which, under the name of "Nightbirds," is now being played at the Lyric Theatre. The sparkling, vivacious music proved as delightful as ever
(By permission of Breitkopf and Hartel, Great Marlborough Street, W.)

I WOULD put a plain question to my readers: Have they ever considered with an open mind the repertory of the modern English ballroom? It consists, as it seems to me, of one dance, to wit, the waltz, usually marred by a tune quite unworthy, and a lot of antics which are sometimes suggestive and always horrid. First, both in popularity and decadence, comes the "Boston," a kind of gloss upon the waltz, invented, apparently, by a people whose digestions have been so ruined by unlimited iced-water that they can neither summon up the energy to perform proper steps nor follow the music sufficiently to catch the rhythm. Indeed, I cannot see how anybody with a sense of rhythm can "Boston" at all—a fine commentary on any so-called dance! Then the two-step, which seems to exist solely as a refuge for those who are afraid of getting giddy, and the kitchen-lancers, so named, I suppose, because no one in the kitchen would ever dream of indulging in the riotous, indecorous behaviour necessary to their successful accomplishment.

"The Liverpool Lurch"

Last of all, the one-step, a horror, freakish beyond description, which was, I am told, known in the North of England about thirty years ago by the charming and appropriate appellation of "The Liverpool Lurch." It was then not considered respectable, but, of course, that was merely Victorian, middle-class prejudice. So much for our present "dances."

Real Dance Music

Then I would ask any of my readers who happen to agree with me to go to the Lyric Theatre and listen to the music of one Johann Strauss, who wrote a tune called "The Blue Danube," as well as about four hundred other tunes, which they have probably never heard of. This composer's comic opera has been produced just in the middle of the dancing season that they may have an opportunity of comparing dance music as it might be and as it is. *Nightbirds* is full of the most enchanting measures, that make the whole body vibrate with a desire to dance glorious swinging waltzes, gay little polkas, irresistible galops. Before its sparkling gaiety and freshness the whole miasma of "Bostons" and one-steps seem to vanish like a dream. The one is eternal, of the very essence of the dance, the other merely a temporary eccentricity that would be pitiable were it not so ludicrous.

Cockney Viennese

Yet *Nightbirds*, as produced at the Lyric, is not quite *Die Fledermaus*. It has, naturally, lost much of Vienna in its endeavour to be thoroughly cockney. The orchestra is not reckless enough, nor have the singers the necessary *abandon* and *verve*. Even Miss Drever, who is much the best, and who tackled the famous *czardas* with great success, sings too heavily, too "darkly," for such scintillating music. The rest, with the possible exception of Mr. Flemming, are, frankly, striving after musical-comedy effects, which, in spite of Miss Unger's and Mr. Anderson's heroic efforts, sound wholly inappropriate. Strauss's music is saturated with the style of a particular period and place, and however "modernised" the libretto may be, any attempt to hide the fact merely makes it the more patent.

Joie de Vivre

Nevertheless, it is a great thing to have the production at all. The success of *Nightbirds* will mean the gradual familiarisation of the public with the idea of opera. They will become accustomed to the stage as a vehicle for genuine musical expression, however frivolous. For that is the great æsthetic value of Strauss. He is so tremendously genuine, so full of the joy of life. Even had he been an organist, I feel sure he would have played polkas and waltzes as voluntaries into church. He simply could not have helped it.

FRANCIS TOYE

HAVE YOU ANY MORALS?

Literary ones, we mean—such as are usually utilised to adorn a tale? If so, a home for them may be found in BYSTANDER STORYETTES, *the newest feature of the paper, No. IV. of which appears this week. These storeyettes do not supersede, save occasionally, the usual short story dealing at requisite length with human and worldly situations. Their object is satirical, topical, or paradoxical. The ideas we want are those which make play with current foibles and fallacies. For example, see the stories already published:*

I. IN THE BLACK MARIA ..... *Dec.* 13
II. A NIGHT IN MARS ..... *Dec.* 20
III. THE REAL SALOME ..... *Dec.* 27
IV. HIS CHANNEL TO FAME ..... *Jan.* 10

Back numbers are obtainable from the Publisher.

Payment for these stories will be made at the rate of £3 3s. per page. To ensure the Editor's personal attention mark your envelope, "Storyette," and do not send anything which exceeds 1,500 words in length.

ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS

Also Lighting by Petrol Air-Gas & Acetylene

To most people the great drawbacks to rural surroundings are the unsatisfactory lighting and heating facilities, but in these progressive days such conditions could not last long, and the Tredegar systems of lighting by **Electricity, Petrol Air-Gas,** or **Acetylene** will impart all the comforts of a city residence to any country house.

Our plants are of the best possible manufacture, and all work is thoroughly and efficiently performed by skilful and experienced engineers. Whatever the size or period of the building, be it cottage or mansion, one of our installations can be satisfactorily utilised.

The Tredegar Surface Wiring System for Electricity is particularly suitable for panelled rooms, or for any residence where it is not desirable to cut the walls about, and the artistic Wooden Fittings harmonise with any scheme of decoration.

CULVERTHORPE HALL, Rauceby, where we have just completed an Installation on our Surface Wiring System.

TREDEGAR & CO.,
56, Victoria Street,
Westminster
(Opposite Army & Navy Stores),
Telephone: Victoria 2960

Estimates, Illustrated Booklets, and advice as to the most suitable system free, all applications to Departments 2/9.

The Time to Ensure

against breakdowns, accident, loss of time, temper, and money is BEFORE, not after, you have bought your car. That is why it is especially worth your while to investigate the merits of the historic Panhard.

There is no more finely built or reliable car in the world than the new 15 h.p. "Silent Knight" Panhard. The wonderful flexibility of its engine, its remarkable reserve of power, its silence in action, have made the word "Panhard" the synonym for "motor perfection."

Full specification on request. Trial runs arranged.

Panhard

Chassis Prices with Tyres.	
12-15 h.p. Poppet Valve	£310
15 h.p. Silent Knight -	£425
18-20 h.p. Poppet Valve	£510
25 h.p. Silent Knight -	£590

W. & G. DuCROS Ld.,
Office and Works:
ACTON VALE, London, W.
Showrooms:
14 Regent St., London, S.W.

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

All the World's Navies
SMOKE NAVY MIXTURE
(IN THREE STRENGTHS)
MILD & MEDIUM 5d. per oz. WHITE LABEL 4½d. per oz.

EAU DE JEUNESSE

JANE HADING

The famous Face Lotion to which **Jane Hading** owes her Youth and Beauty.

The Bottle, 8/6 post free
from the General Depot:
38, Rue du Mont-Thabor, PARIS.

On Sale also in London at ROBERT'S, 225, REGENT ST., W.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Professionals and the Championship

A letter recently addressed by Fulford, a well-known professional, to the editor of *Golf Illustrated*, has caused a good deal of comment and criticism. In that letter Fulford made various complaints about the treatment of professionals at the Championship at Sandwich, more particularly in the matter of the catering and of the high charges of the caddies. I have no doubt that the St. George's Club have a very good answer to these complaints. If it should turn out that Fulford's complaints are well founded, no one will regret the fact more than the St. George's Club authorities, who, like the rest of the Championship Clubs, do all in their power to ensure the comfort of the professional competitors. It must be remembered that last year's entry was tremendous, and it was no easy task to make arrangements for dealing with the catering or caddy problem of such an army. But I do not think the tone of Fulford's letter is quite proper. A courteous letter addressed to the delegates would, I feel certain, have met with an immediate response, would have led to a full investigation, and would, if faulty arrangements were proved to have been made, lead to care being taken that nothing of the same kind should happen again.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. E. W. HOLDERNESS

The young Oxford University golfer who recently won the foursomes with Lord Southwell at the St. David's Golf Club open meeting at Harlech. His handicap was plus two and his partner's eleven. He was also third in the bogey competition

An Ill-Advised Epistle

But a letter couched in the terms of Fulford's epistle can do no good at all, and may possibly do harm by disturbing the friendly and harmonious relations which have always prevailed between the Championship authorities and the professional competitors. The professionals have an official body, the Professional Golfers' Association, which looks after their interests, and represents them. If the professionals had reasons for dissatisfaction on account of their treatment at Sandwich, the proper method of stating that dissatisfaction would be by a letter addressed by their Secretary to the Championship delegates. So far I have not seen that the P.G.A. has either confirmed or disavowed Fulford's letter. I think it is incumbent on the Association to take action in this matter, so as to put it on a proper footing and clear it up. It cannot be left where it is if proper respect is to be paid both to the delegates and the St. George's Club.

Professional Representation

But there is a further point in Fulford's letter which calls for immediate criticism. He suggests that the Professional Golfers' Association should have representation given to it on the body which manages the Championship. I do not know, in the absence of any official action by the P.G.A., how far, if at all, Fulford's suggestion on this point represents the feelings of the leaders of the professional ranks. But I think a strong "caveat" should be at once entered against the idea that the Open Championship is the perquisite of the professionals, and that, therefore, it should be run in the main in their interests.

A "Caveat"

The Open Championship, as its title implies, was instituted for the purpose of discovering the best player of the year. When it was instituted there was no Amateur Championship in existence, the close Championship for amateurs only coming to life a quarter of a century later. It is quite right and proper that the delegates, when deciding on the regulations for the Open Championship, should give careful consideration to the views of the professionals if laid before them officially by the P.G.A. If effect can be given to those views, with due regard to the best interests of the game and of the Championship itself, so much the better. But I counter most strongly the idea that because the professionals make suggestions the delegates are bound to accept them. The delegates are not bound to do anything of the sort. They are bound to take a much wider view than that, and I trust they will continue to do so. I am profoundly convinced that it would be a fatal mistake to give the professionals direct representation on the Championship body. If the professionals wish to run a close Championship of their own let them do so. But the Open Championship, being equally for amateurs as well as professionals, must be left to the management of amateurs, just as the main management of golf is centred in the Royal and Ancient. The lessons taught us by the Football Association are too clear to be disregarded by golfers.

ERNEST LEHMANN

The Secret of Beauty

is a clear, velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value **your** good looks and desire a perfect complexion you must use Beetham's La-rola. La-rola is to-day indispensable to the Toilet Table of every lady of quality and culture.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the Skin and Complexion of its users. It quickly dispels all sign of Roughness, Redness, and Dryness, and is excellent for the prevention of Chaps. Before and after exposure to the weather, vigorous exercise, etc., La-rola is extremely beneficial and soothing.

La-rola is wonderfully effective for protecting the Complexion from the effects of the wind, frost, and snow.

La-rola is delicate and fragrant, it is quite greaseless, and is extremely pleasant to use.

Get a bottle **to-day**, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in 1/- and 2/6 bottles.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc.

M. Beetham & Son (Dept. BY.) Cheltenham

Baby cannot tell you how soothing to his tender skin is Wright's Coal Tar Soap; his happy smiles at bath-time show it.

4d. per Tablet.

THE Nursery Soap.

International Lawn Tennis

AUSTRALASIA STILL INVINCIBLE IN THE DAVIS CUP

American "Cocksuredness"

There is an old saying, "Never count your chickens before they are hatched." When the English team went to America last year to play the Americans for the right to challenge Australasia (the holders) for the Davis Cup, a leading American lawn tennis enthusiast met C. P. Dixon, the English captain, soon after he had landed, and, in the course of conversation, informed him that the American champion, Larned, was going to captain the American team against Australasia. He did not say "If our men beat you," or anything like that, although Larned's services against Australasia would not be required unless that event happened. He simply took it for granted that America *would* beat England, and I don't suppose that it occurred to him for an instant that his speech was not altogether what you might call a model of politeness. He was, as the schoolboy says, "so jolly cocksure" that he merely thought that he was supplying Dixon with an interesting piece of news. This "cocksuredness" of the Americans is one of their most valuable assets in sport. They are undeniably good at reckoning up their chances, and when they think they have a good thing on they don't hesitate to let everybody know it. This is their way of acting up to the precept, "Well begun is half-done." And it pays. Sometimes I think it would, perhaps, be as well if we Englishmen took a leaf out of their book. And then, again, in the words of my esteemed colleague, Mr. Jingle, "Sometimes I think perhaps not."

THE SUCCESSFUL CUP-HOLDERS

N. E. BROOKES
Australasia's Champion and first string

A. W. DUNLOP
Who partnered Brookes in the Doubles

Photographs Trim

R. W. HEATH
Second string in the Singles. He beat Larned, the American Champion

An Unpleasant Surprise

But I am digressing. America, as we all know, *did* beat England, and, consequently, Larned's services against Australasia *were* required. He was accompanied by Beals Wright and McLoughlin, and the challenge round against Australasia duly came off at Christchurch, New Zealand, on the first three days of the New Year. About the result of this match the Americans were almost equally cocksure. But their team came what can only be described as a most unholy cropper. They failed to win a single match. For once in a way their usual astuteness in reckoning up their chances deserted them. In the first place, they knew that Wright and Larned had both proved themselves capable in the past of beating Brookes, and they reckoned, shrewdly enough, that Brookes, having only played serious tennis intermittently for the past two seasons, would not be as good as he used to be.

Australasia's Impregnable Position

But Brookes is a wonderful man. If he chooses to "drop out" for a while he can "drop in" again with equal facility. It is evident that he does not take long to tune himself up to concert pitch. In the second place, they exaggerated the difference which Wilding's absence would make to Australasia's strength; they underestimated the powers of Dunlop and Heath—especially of the latter. Perhaps they were going on his performances in England last summer, but he did not take his tennis very seriously over here, and, moreover, for part of the time he was not at all well. As a matter of fact, he is reckoned by his countrymen at the present time as second only to Brookes—and a very good second at that—and a man who can win the Championship of Australasia, as he did last year, cannot possibly be ignored. Yet the Americans seemed to take it for granted that both Larned and Wright would beat him. They also reckoned that Larned would beat Brookes, and even if this did not come off they counted on the Doubles match to secure them the odd event. But this did not come off either. Finally, they forgot to take into account the advantage which always accrues to the side which is "at home," although experience has shown that this is just as great in tennis as in other games. If the match had been played in America it is quite conceivable that it would have been a very near thing indeed, and might have resulted differently. As it is, the Cup remains in Australasia, and for the very reason that the challenge round must always be played in the land of the holders it will take a deal of dislodging.

H. S. S.

Spensers' Ideal Lighting

fully justifies its title of "Ideal."

Gives perfect light—is absolutely safe—simple—economical—self-regulating—requires no adjustment. Ready for use day and night. No engine to start up. The power is derived from a house water supply or from the falling of a weight.

Our machine is constantly being installed in place of other Petrol Air Gas Machines—so the wisest plan is to instal it in the first place.

The installation is carried out expeditiously by qualified workmen without injury to interior decorations or inconvenience to members of the household, and existing gas pipes can be used if desired.

Advice and Estimates free of charge.

WRITE FOR BOOKLETS.

Spensers' Ideal Lighting

SPENSERS, LTD.

53b, South Molton St., London, W.

(at Bond Street Station)

and at Frederick Street, EDINBURGH.

WORKS: STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

MEADOW BLEACH — SOLD LISNAGARVEY LINEN

The Lisburn Linen Co.,

Lisburn, Ireland.

Manufacturers of Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, Damask Towels, Handkerchiefs, and all classes of Household Linens. All goods guaranteed pure linen. Irish Manufacture. Prices and samples post free.

SALE OF IRISH LINENS

During JANUARY, ROBINSON & CLEAVER offer all Factory Accumulations at very Low Prices.

LINEN DAMASK TABLECLOTHS. A quantity of odd Cloths in designs that we have ceased making:
2 by 2½ yards, **8/3** and **9/3** each.
2 by 3 yards, **9/11** and **11/3** each.

NAPKINS, 24 by 24 in., **8/6** and **11/6** doz.

HEMSTITCHED LINEN SHEETS. A number of odd lots:
2 by 3 yards, offered at **15/11** pair.

EMBROIDERED LINEN BEDSPREADS 2½ by 3 yards .. from **16/6** each.

HAND EMBROIDERED TEA CLOTHS, 36 by 36 in., **3/9, 5/11, 8/6, 10/6** each.

LINEN TOWELS, Hemstitched, Heavy Huckaback, assorted patterns, 1,500 offered at **11/6** and **14/3** per dozen.

HEMSTITCHED PILLOW CASES, Linen. For this quality undoubted Bargains. Size 20 by 30 in., **4/2** and **4/11** per pair.

HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' Hemstitched Linen Cambric, 14in. square, **2/11** doz. Gentlemen's, 19 in. square, **5/3** doz.

SHIRTS and COLLARS. Gentlemen's White Shirts, **5/6** each. "Castle" Collars, single shapes, **4/9**; double shapes, **5/9** per dozen.

Special ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST sent Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,

44, T, Donegall Place,

London. BELFAST. Liverpool.

Speech Difficulties

(STAMMERING, LISPING, Etc.)

Voice Placement

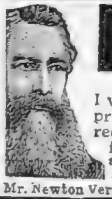
(WEAK VOICES STRENGTHENED)

Breath Control

(FOR SPEAKING AND SINGING).

SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

MISS INEZ BROOK,
2, Mandeville Place,
Manchester Square, W.
Telephone: 4219 Paddington.



FATE THE STARS TELL YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue.

Mr. Newton Verity (M.F.), 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure,** in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,** Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this paper.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOFS

1911 STOCK AND MODEL GARMENTS

HALF PRICE DURING JANUARY.

Sporting Suits (coat and knicker breeches) various styles, in Gabardine and Tweeds, **52/6** (usual price [illegible]); **Odd Jackets, 31/6** (usual price 63/-); **Knicker Breeches, 21/-** (usual price 42/-); **Urbitor Top Coats, 42/-** (usual price 84/-); **"Rusitors" Motor Coats and Ulsters, 73/6** and **84/-** usual price 7 and 8 guineas); **Gabardine "Burberrys,"** lined wool, **45/-**

COMPLETE LIST ON APPLICATION.

BURBERRYS, 30, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

THE WORLD-FAMED **Angelus** PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability and Moderate Prices.

SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, Ld.,
Dept. 79, Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent St., Lndn.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Whitens & beautifies

The TEETH

Prevents decay
eradicates Tartar.
polishes & preserves
the Enamel.

PER 2/9 BOX OF STORES, CHEMISTS & ROWLANDS, 67 HATTON GARDEN, E.C.

RACING: Outlook for the Season. By CARBINE

Mediocre Handicaps

Later on, I suppose, we shall become interested in the spring handicaps, but I confess the entries are not calculated to make us wildly enthusiastic. In a word, they are mediocre. In numbers they fall below the average in almost every case, and in quality they are equally disappointing. This does not augur very well for the coming flat-racing season, but I daresay it will work out all right in the end. The Turf is undoubtedly the poorer by the withdrawal from training of such good horses as Swynford, Willonyx, Sunstar, Sunder, Bachelor's Double, Buckwheat, and a good many others, but as soon as the season starts we shall have new champions to discuss and applaud. The general public will not mind much whether the three-year-olds are slightly above or below average merit so long as they get a well-contested Derby, preferably with the success of one of the well-backed candidates. I have already expressed my belief in White Star as the best of the English colts, but I shall have a wholesome fear of the big raking Montrose II. if Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt sends that colt from France to take his chance at Epsom.

His Majesty's Horses

I am afraid the King will not have the satisfaction of seeing his colours borne to the front in any of the big races this year unless the Egerton House lot improve vastly on last season's form. The truth is they are a mediocre collection, and even Marsh's cleverness and experience cannot be expected to achieve success with such poor material to work on. The great hope at Egerton House rests in the two-year-olds, and I am glad to see that a number of them have been thought worth entering for the chief juvenile races at Ascot and Newmarket. The best of the King's young horses would seem to be Princess Dagmar, Anmer, Laomedon, and Flower Jug.

Selections

Meetings at Hurst Park and Windsor may give us some fair steeplechasing this week, though the best cannot be expected with the weights for the Grand National hanging over the heads of cautious owners and trainers. The hurdle-races at least should yield unhampered sport, the Eton Hurdle Handicap at Windsor on Wednesday being a specially promising affair. This may be won by **Lady Friar**, whose smart form has been one of the features of the season. On the same afternoon **Razerbill** should win the Suffolk Amateur Steeplechase. On the following day **Sprinkle Me** has not a very formidable job in the Castle Steeplechase, and **Kilwilliam** should secure the Maiden Steeplechase for Lady Esmé Gordon. At Hurst Park on Friday the New Year Hurdle Race may fall to **Master Mine**, and the Middlesex Steeplechase on Saturday to **Bembridge**.

In Health or Sickness

¶ Regularly take the "Allenburys" Diet.

¶ It is most easy of assimilation.

¶ It increases the vitality and diminishes fatigue.

¶ It restores the impaired digestion and gives tone to the whole system.

¶ Prepared from pure rich milk and whole wheat combined in a partially predigested form, the "Allenburys" Diet is a complete food, and is alike valuable for the Invalid and Robust.

¶ Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Large Sample sent for 3d. stamps.

Of all Chemists, in Tins, at 1/6 and 3/-.

The "Allenburys" DIET

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard St., E.C.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure, rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH WATER. NO COOKING.

Used instead of tea, coffee or cocoa at meals develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An Efficient Corrective of Insomnia, Taken Hot Before Retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores. Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

BOVRIL
Better than a Blanket
It repels Colds Chills &
INFLUENZA

Regular users may prefer the Special Bath Mustard, one dozen cartons in tin box.

S.H.B.

"Sport went hand in hand with Science."
—TENNYSON

The Sportsman—the man that hunts, shoots, plays golf—knows and appreciates the benefit of a

Mustard Bath

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

7305

RIVIERA RESORTS

SPRING and SUNSHINE

THE GARDENS AT MONTE CARLO.

MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

International Sporting Club, open, without subscription, to members of leading clubs.

Magnificent Casino, with private Subscription Rooms.

Operas, varied by Operettes, Light Comedy, interpreted by the best European Artists, alternate with those Classic and Modern Concerts which have given the well-chosen Orchestra a world-wide reputation

Annual Exhibition of Painting and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment, Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute Massage, Hot and Cold Baths.

GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes, Club-house, and Restaurant.

Pigeon-Shooting, Steeplechasing, Flat Racing, Motor-Boat Exhibition and Regattas, Motor-Car Parades with Prizes, Carnival and Public Fêtes, Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Aviation, Lawn Tennis, Venetian Fêtes, Fireworks, &c.

HOTEL METROPOLE CANNES

In beautifully wooded grounds of 30 acres. Unobstructed views. Sheltered from north winds by pine woods. Luxurious suites with private baths. Excellent Tennis Courts. Fine Croquet Lawn. Golf, Polo, Yachting, &c. Garage.

The hotel is connected with the Town Station, golf links, and polo ground by private motor car service.

Tariff Booklets at any of the Gordon Hotels, or the Company's Central Offices, 2, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

Under the same Management.

HOTEL METROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.

NICE

The Queen of the Riviera.

19 hrs. from London. 13 hrs. 50 mins. from Paris.

The Winter Resort most renowned for the mildness and equability of its climate and the attractions of its fêtes.

For all information address the Comité d'Intéret Local, Mairie de Nice.

THE GAYEST PLACE IN NICE
IS
ERNEST'S

(JARDIN PUBLIC)

Renowned for its Cuisine, Wines, Orchestra, and Attractions.

LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, SUPPERS, AMERICAN BAR.

CANNES

C. E. CLARK, 7, RUE FELIX FAURE

VILLAS TO LET and FOR SALE

Furnished Flats, with or without Service.
. . . . . Banking, Travel, Forwarding . .

Telegraphic Address: "CECLARK." *Telephone 246.*

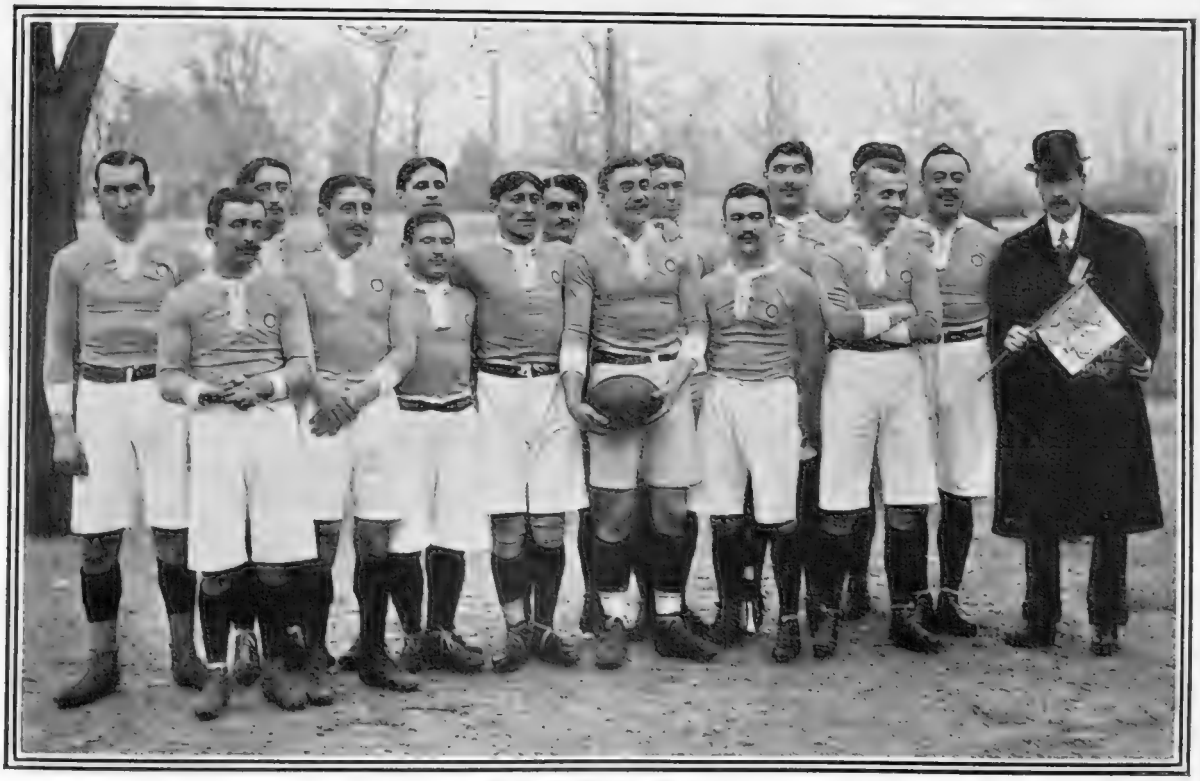
"Le Rugby" in Paris

IRELAND'S HARD-WON VICTORY OVER FRANCE

A. R. FOSTER
The Irish captain, scores Ireland's second try

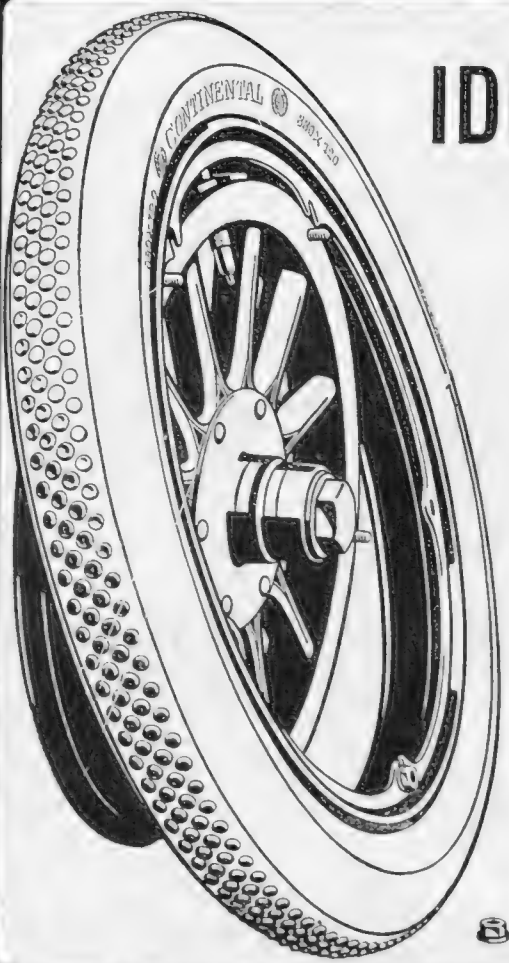
A FRENCH PLACE KICK
Apparently some deep-laid scheme, for the kicker is obviously kicking across the ground and not at goal

A. S. TAYLOR
Scores Ireland's first try. Ireland won by a goal and two tries to two tries—all scored in the first half



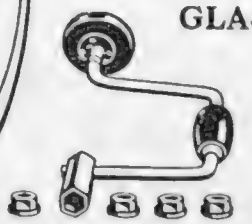
THE FRENCH TEAM
Varvier (back); Faillott, Lane, Thingoué, and Dufau (three-quarters), Sarribeau and Burgun (halves), Mounie, De Beyssac, Boyau, Paoli, Forgues, Mauriat (captain), Communeau, and Domercq (forwards)

They gave a thoroughly representative Irish fifteen quite a hard game on New Year's Day, and were only beaten by eleven points to six



THE
IDEAL COMBINATION
for 1912
"Continental" Tyres

RED-BLACK (Steel Armoured) NON-SKID
AND
THREE-RIBBED,
FITTED IN CONJUNCTION WITH OUR
NEW DETACHABLE RIM.



GLASGOW MOTOR SHOW
STAND 79.

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (Great Britain), LTD.,
Thurloe Place, South Kensington, S.W.
Birmingham. Bristol. Dublin.
Glasgow. Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

'MELTIS'
IS THE NEW
CHOCOLATE
OF CHARMING
FLAVOUR AND
PERFECT FINISH

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

ONE TYPE ONLY.

THE
STRAKER-SQUIRE

Holders of Flying Mile and Flying Kilo Records.

In the 21 Rating Class,
Speed for F. Mile 95·54 m.p.h.
" " F. Kilo, 96·67 "

THE BEST FIFTEEN H.P. CAR

By virtue of 5 years' concentration on ONE MODEL only.

15 h.p.

— 1912 —

Chassis price with Tyres suitable for all types of bodies **£325.**

See our Exhibit at Glasgow Show,

Morrison Brothers, Scottish Agents ***STAND 47.***

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE (PLEASURE CAR DEPARTMENT) 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

"AND NEVER THE TWAIN MAY MEET"

Possibly. But a motor-omnibus running across the desert between Heliopolis and Cairo, and electric trams running almost within hail of the Pyramids is getting very near. Even the lament of the ex-soldier that "there ain't no 'buses running from the Bank to Mandalay" may presently be hushed. Kipling's reputation as a prophet is in peril

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Still-Born Boycott

Where is the preposterous person who talked of a British boycott of the French races? Where is the lugubrious person who believed it might be? They that have heads to hide let them hide! The French Grand Prix at Dieppe in June will, if all the entrants become starters, be the best, numerically, for several years. It will certainly be the best from the British point of view. If the results are also the best from the same point of view, we have cut a large red notch in the tally-stick of automobile development, and written our name boldly in the order-book of the world.

The Grand Prix

The minimum entry by December 31 last had to be thirty to ensure a race. The pessimists gloomed dismally upon the possibilities. Fatuous persons, I am informed, preached a British boycott. Technical pedants argued laboriously that the day of the race was done because it had served its purpose as a factor in mechanical development — as if that were the prime function of motor-racing. Commercial conservatives endeavoured to show that participation could not possibly pay. And the result is forty-eight entries, of which fifteen are British! I think we may lightly indulge in a merry madrigal.

An Excellent British Entry

The British entry is very fine as well as very large. Arrol-Johnston three (observe that I call the entry British, and not English; the Scotsman is most particular upon this point), Calthorpe three, Singer two, Sunbeam four (the Sunbeam, by the way, has just invaded the French market. Good luck!), and Vauxhall three. For the purposes of the race that is a splendid entry. It easily embraces much of the best we can do at the power for speed work. The French do not regard it without some considerable perturbation. They scent danger afar off. I congratulate them upon the efficiency of their olfactory organ. There *is* danger. Barring accidents we may lift the cup; and that will be a fine feather in our national cap and an excellent stimulant to our industry.

THE ARTIST AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Mlle. Napierkowska is an enthusiastic motorist and dancer. Apparently she can make her exits from her car as effective as her entries to the stage of the Palace Theatre

The Springing Hope

The effect of such a large entry will be all to the good. It will put new life into a flagging sport. It may serve as a peaceful persuader to other manufacturers to enter the competition arena, not necessarily for the spoils of speed, but for the returns upon reliability contests. It will in that case give the cars with name still in the making an opportunity to show the market the mettle of their engineering. And the sweet uses of advertisement will once again be proved. Meanwhile there is still time for the British delegation to Dieppe to increase its size. Entries at double fees will be in order for some while yet. The French list will, I imagine, certainly be

extended. Cars of large power may appear—because there are two classes, one restricted to three-litre engines and the other without limit, although both will run together. But if we bring fifteen British vehicles to the post, we shall be doing very well. And if we bring one or two of them past the post in front of the foreign contingent we may sound the loud timbrel without reproach. I do not know what a timbrel may be, but so that it is loud it will serve!

In Compression

I suppose it to be much too late in the day to emphasise the advantages of, if not the necessity for, some form of distance-recorder. I will, therefore, take that as read, and proceed at once to call attention to "The Perfect Distance-Recorder," for which the De Dion-Bouton Company are responsible. It is in two forms. One records total distances up to 10,000 miles, and then returns to zero automatically. The other does the same; but it *also* records separate journeys up to 99 miles, when it reverts automatically to the cipher, and starts again. If the journey is of less than 99 miles a small knob is operated to secure the result which would otherwise have been secured automatically (as aforesaid) if the car had run the allotted span. Thus you have the essential information upon which to base all economic calculations—but we have taken the utility of the instrument as read, I remember. This "Perfect Recorder" screws on to the front wheel hub, and takes the place of the hub-cap. Its mechanism is simple; its action positive. While the wheel goes round and the tyre holds out, it must record truly to the uttermost inch. Much independent evidence is available to its truth. Consider, therefore, the "Perfect Distance-Recorder." Write for publication 151: and, incidentally, observe how the publications of the De Dion Company have improved of recent days.

STOCKHOLM TO GOTHENBURG

A fair copy of the kind of road over which the 600-mile reliability trial promoted by the R.A.C. of Sweden will be run. The R.A.C. of Great Britain intends, we believe, to award a cup to the British car making the best performance. The Vauxhall Company, with one of the famous Prince Henry "Twenti.s," is after that cup

---

Mr. James Valentine, our first man in the Circuit of Britain aerial race, and one of our most accomplished airmen, is first again in securing the Royal Aero Club's special certificate. That certificate is not for everyone who goeth up to the air on planes. Its conditions involve a series of tests of extra rigour, and may be regarded as the premier plume in the cap of the aviator and the manufacturers of the machine. The aviator we know. The manufacturers are—I had almost said "of course"—the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company. The machine was the new type of "Bristol" military monoplane—and a very hot favourite for some of the prizes offered in connection with the forthcoming Government competition.

Try the Austin happy family card game, which is called the "Austinette." Any number of players up to fourteen; "causing," as the hawkers of penny toys say on Ludgate Hill, "great fun an' roarser laughter." There is also instruction in it. The winner's "hand" in the final result holds all the components of a chassis. From the Austin Company, Northfield, Birmingham, post free 1*s.* 1*d.*

The Dunlop Rubber Company have turned out a particularly fine catalogue of clothing for the motor man and woman, and of accessories for the car. I have read many less interesting works which cost six shillings to purchase. But they were called novels. The Dunlop catalogue is novel in that it strikes a new and quite artistic note of its own. Its price is nothing—from Manor Mills, Birmingham

---

The Connaught Motor and Carriage Company intimate that although they are not declining orders for Leon-Bollée cars, they *are* in the fortunate position of having disposed of nearly all the cars which they contracted to sell during the 1912 season, and have had to demand further supplies to keep pace with demand. That, so early, stands for a particularly gratifying public appreciation of a very fine car.

The "Musings of a Shock" is also shockingly amusing. The shock in the last case is caused by the pleasurable discovery that a device can be described with humour and without the dreary dulness that characterises the average attempt at explanation. The "musings" record the despair of the black spirit of the shock at the advent of the J.M. Shock Absorber—which is a neat dust and grit-proof adjunct to the rear laminated springs of any car relying upon that form of suspension. You will doubtless have observed these pendant tubes at the rear of the car in front. You will also have observed that their numbers are rapidly increasing. That is the best sign of their utility as a potent preventive of road shocks—one of the most considerable factors in the cost of motoring with which we have to deal. 92, Gloucester Road, London, S.W., is the address.

The motor man who is also an expert in coachwork, will be interested in the output of the house of Mulliner, even though part of that output is not a matter of motoring moment. On that ground I venture to commend a little book issued by one of the house of Mulliner—not the business house, but the private house. It is a children's book in verse and coloured drawing. It is essentially one of the books of real delight for the babies. The whole of the designs and verses are the work of Miss May Mulliner, a very clever little lady, who manages excellently to get into the child atmosphere, and who promises to take a permanent and prominent place in the thin ranks of baby-book makers. "Stewart and Son" is the title.

DELAHAYE cars have won 5 Grand Prix, 25 gold medals' 1 silver medal, 87 first prizes, 3 seconds, 2 diplomas of honour' and, greatest of all, the universal approbation of everyone who knows them. Send for details, H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 423.—Vol. XXXIII. Wednesday, January 10, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD VALUERS

THE SOUTH FRONT.

TROUT STREAM WITH WATERFALLS

and rustic bridges. Entrance hall (about 50ft. long), magnificent dining and drawing rooms (25ft. long), ante-room, library, and smoking rooms (all opening to tiled verandah), complete offices with servants' hall, room suitable for billiard room (24ft. by 18ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths (Jenning's fittings), etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CO.'S WATER.

Modern drainage. Gravel soil. Stabling and garage with rooms; cottage. Range of glass. Fruit and vegetable gardens, lawns for tennis and croquet. Ornamental lake for boating. Walks and drives of great charm. 1 mile from station, church, post and telegraph office and R.C. church.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

GOLF. FISHING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATING.

HERTS (*favourite RICKMANSWORTH district*). — For SALE, Freehold, or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, choice COUNTY RESIDENCE with every modern convenience, luxuriously decorated and fitted, and standing in

ABOUT 18 ACRES

of exceptionally charming grounds, intersected by a

THE TROUT STREAM.

BUCKINGHAM. AN EASY MOTOR RUN OF TOWN.

REALLY BEAUTIFUL OLD RESIDENCE IN GROUNDS OF EXQUISITE CHARM.

£7,000.—NEAR THE THAMES, and under a mile from station.—Interesting old HOUSE with lattice windows, half timber dormers, all thoroughly overhauled, restored, and enlarged in recent years. The original part contains

BEAUTIFUL OLD CARVINGS AND PANELLINGS,

oak beams and floors, etc. Lounge hall (26ft. by 13ft.), oak Jacobean dining hall (24ft. by 18ft.) with gallery, massive carved screen and mantel,

library (23ft. by 18ft.), south drawing room (32ft. by 21ft.), morning room (21ft. by 15ft. 8in.) with casement to verandah, very fine billiard room (30ft. by 18ft.) with bay, excellent offices with servants' hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Company's water. Electric bells. Stabling for 3. Coach-house and garage with man's rooms.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS,

laid out at an enormous cost, and a few acres of pasture.

BOUNDED BY WINDING STREAM

for about a ¼ of a mile. A large number of ornamental forest trees afford ample shade. Boathouse. Tennis and croquet lawns, 2 kitchen gardens, orchard, cottage, and other outbuildings; small farmery and 4 paddocks; in all

ABOUT 16 ACRES.

Gravel subsoil.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TO ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS.

£4,500.

GENUINE OLD FARMHOUSE AND 100 ACRES.

Convertible into a small Residential Estate.

CHILTERN HILLS; 45 minutes out; 600ft. up; invigorating air; beautiful country.—For SALE, Freehold, at the above-named moderate price to close an estate, a typical Bucks FARMHOUSE, well secluded from any road and so placed that

LOVELY VIEWS TO THE SOUTH

could be opened out. It is flanked by a nice old orchard, and contains 5 bedrooms upstairs and corresponding rooms downstairs, including

SITTING ROOM PANELLED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

The farm extends to 100 acres of productive land, and includes 15 acres of woodland and 2 cottages.—Recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W., to anyone who can realise the possibilities of the structure and situation.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, and Victoria (B.C.)

BY DIRECTION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

"CLANDON REGIS," CLANDON.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

THIS WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position, and containing:

"CLANDON REGIS."

lounge hall, 4 reception, 16 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and ample domestic offices.

STABLING FOR 6. LODGE. COTTAGE.

SHOOTING OVER 1,550 TO 4,000 ACRES.

The gardens and grounds, which extend to about 40 acres, are artistically laid out; there are extensive lawns, rose garden, temple garden, tennis court, completely walled kitchen garden, and well-timbered parkland.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR MIGHT BE LET, FURNISHED.

"TEMPLE COURT."

Occupying a charming position in Clandon Park, with free access thereto: lounge hall, 3 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

STABLING FOR 6. PRETTY GARDEN. SHOOTING BY ARRANGEMENT.

—Further particulars of Mr. W. H. MESSENGER, Town Hall Chambers, Guildford; Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDERS OF KENT. — To be SOLD, FREEHOLD. The RESIDENCE occupies a charming position, 330ft. above sea level, with pretty views. It stands in

WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft. 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in.), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 6 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedroom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and boxroom. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Further particulars and order to view of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,288)

TO BE SOLD AT A VERY LOW PRICE.—One of the best-known Hunting-boxes in the Pytchley Hunt, including the famous Hemploe fox coverts.

The RESIDENCE is finely situated 600ft. above sea level, with extensive views, and stands in grounds, woodland, and meadows, in all about 88 acres. In addition, adjoining farms of 112 and 266 acres can be included if desired. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; STABLING FOR 10 HORSES; delightful old-world gardens, kitchen garden, pasture-land, the well-known HEMPLOE FOX COVERTS, in all about 88 acres. Other land is available, including excellent pastures up to about 500 acres in all, at an exceptionally low price.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

"UPPER GATTON PARK," MERSTHAM, SURREY.—To be LET UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE, FROM LADY DAY, 1912.

The House is stone built and occupies one of the finest situations in the Home Counties, being about 600ft. above sea level, with views over a wide range of country, including some of the most beautiful parts of Surrey and Sussex. It stands in a well-timbered park of 100 acres, with 3 lodge entrances, and contains: spacious hall, 4 reception rooms, large billiard room, and fine lofty drawing room or ballroom, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES, INCLUDING HOT-WATER HEATING, ELECTRIC LIGHTING, TELEPHONE, ETC.

There is excellent stabling, garage, and accommodation for menservants; the PLEASURE GROUNDS are noted for the fine cedars and other timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and glasshouses, etc.; the land included comprises the park and 1 or 2 fields, in all about 116 acres; additional farmlands and woodlands can be included if desired.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,659)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR A FEW MONTHS OR LONGER.

A PERFECT WINTER RESIDENCE.

NEAR THE SUSSEX COAST, with delightful landscape and marine views. —The RESIDENCE combines all the charm of

AN OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE,

with modern luxuries, including electric lighting, hot-water heating, telephone, Company's water, and main drainage. The original structure has been added to with the greatest care, and the Early English style has been followed in the minutest detail. The accommodation includes: hall (20ft. by 19ft.), dining room (23ft. by 17ft.), study (19ft. by 19ft.), and billiard room, all

PANELLED IN MAGNIFICENT OAK WORK

in the various styles of the Elizabethan period; drawing room panelled in vieux rose silk; 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, garage, and men's accommodation.

THE DELIGHTFUL OLD ENGLISH GARDENS

are a special feature and must be seen to be appreciated; golf 2 miles; hunting; 2 miles from seaside resort.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 870)

"THE MANOR," GREAT ROLLRIGHT, CHIPPING NORTON.—To be LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.

The MANOR stands high with beautiful view to the South-West, and and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, schoolroom, 12 or 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by radiators; stabling for 12 horses; hunting 4 or 5 days a week with the Heythrop and Warwickshire.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

CHILTERN HILLS (near AMERSHAM, 1¾ miles from station, 45 minutes from Town).—For SALE, the above picturesque well-built FAMILY RESIDENCE, 550ft. above sea, on gravel soil, with magnificent panoramic views of 40 miles range: 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, music room, billiard room, and offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT; MODERN DRAINAGE; COMPANY'S WATER; inexpensive but pretty grounds, 2 tennis lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, farmery, and park-like land; IN ALL 45 ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,516)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

EAST ANGLIA, near the sea and golf links.

£8,500 ONLY FOR AN ESTATE of 446 ACRES and capital TUDOR RESIDENCE, containing: 14 BEDROOMS, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good oak-beamed reception rooms, and offices; ornamental grounds, fruit and vegetable gardens, orchard, glasshouse; stabling for 7, farms, etc. For the area, GOOD SHOOTING can be obtained. 2 MILES FROM A TOWN AND STATION.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,128)

BRIGHTON AND LONDON (midway between).—PRICE £2,500, or Rent £140, for an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from main road and motor dust, with stabling for 5, and well-timbered, secluded grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and paddocks, about 7 ACRES: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; Company's water, modern drainage; within easy reach of 2 golf links; hunting with 2 packs.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (25,527)

SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—LOVELY RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 250 ACRES. INTERESTING ELIZABETHAN MANSION of medium size, occupying a unique position in the midst of beautiful pleasure grounds and park; stabling, entrance lodge, home farm; salmon and trout fishing, hunting with Harriers and Otter hounds; good yacht anchorage; magnificent land and sea views. SACRIFICIAL PRICE.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,436)

HERTS (on the MIDDLESEX BORDERS, 300ft. above sea).—A REDUCED PRICE will be accepted for the above exceptionally choice FAMILY RESIDENCE with beautiful grounds. Near station, 30 minutes from Town. Carriage drive with entrance lodge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, hall, and offices; stabling for 3; farmery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses, summer-house, and paddocks; in all 14 ACRES; gas; main drainage; Company's water. OR WOULD BE LET, UNFURNISHED, with 5 acres.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,591)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above charming COUNTRY HOUSE and 12 ACRES, within a mile of a town and station: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; stabling for 3, farmery, 2 cottages; water laid on; certified drainage; well-timbered pleasure grounds, and tennis lawns; kitchen garden, glasshouses, orchard, and meadowland.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,422)

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE, this FAMILY RESIDENCE, situated in a SMALL PARK. It commands grand views, and contains: halls, 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; pleasure grounds, croquet and tennis courts; stabling for 6; shooting can be rented. Would be LET, Unfurnished.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,976)

BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY. UNIQUE SITUATION. GRAND VIEWS.

THE ABOVE, one of the most charming RESIDENCES in this well-favoured and good social neighbourhood, to be SOLD. It contains: 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling, coach-house, etc.; well-matured and very pretty pleasure grounds, productive garden, and woodlands and grass-land; complete model farmery, bailiff's house, cottage, etc., in all ABOUT 80 ACRES.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,973)

UNDER THE HOUR FROM TOWN.

FOR SALE, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, in a high situation, with magnificent views: 1½ acres of well-laid-out grounds, full-sized tennis lawn; billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; electric light; Company's water; carriage drive; sandy soil; golf adjoining.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,978)

BLACKMORE VALE, in one of the best situations, 400ft. above sea, with magnificent view.

£6,000 WILL PURCHASE an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and over 30 ACRES, with stabling, cottage, farmery; well-timbered but inexpensive grounds, kitchen garden and orchard; 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices. Near small town and station. OR THE HOUSE AND 12½ ACRES would be sold for £4,000.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,380)

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF SOUTH WALES.

A CHOICE LITTLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The RESIDENCE is in a good situation, amidst romantic scenery, and is equipped with every modern comfort and convenience for a moderate-sized family, together with ample servants' accommodation, outbuildings, etc.; the pleasure grounds are a beautiful and special feature of this delightful little Property, which extends in all to upwards of 40 acres, and includes a good stretch of water in a famous trout and salmon river.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,156)

BEDFORD (8 miles from; in lovely district).—TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, the above fine old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE in park-like grounds of 50 ACRES, approached by lime avenue; stabling for 11; cottages; beautifully timbered grounds sloping to river, with boathouse; kitchen garden, vineries, etc.; 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, suite of large and lofty reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, conservatory, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,294)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

TO YACHTING MEN AND OTHERS.

NEW FOREST BORDERS.—COMMANDING LOVELY SEA VIEWS.—To be SOLD, the above charming OLD-FASHIONED HAMPSHIRE COTTAGE RESIDENCE, within 1½ miles of a station, only about 2 hours from London: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; 5 loose boxes, motor garage, 2 good cottages for men. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. Pretty gardens of about 2 ACRES, croquet and tennis lawn, rose pergola, kitchen garden, greenhouse.—Full details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT ONLY £120 P.A.

COLCHESTER DISTRICT (within 1½ miles from station, 6 miles from Colchester, and only about 1½ hours by train from London).—The HOUSE contains: 2 large reception rooms, a smaller one and hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; man's bedroom, with separate entrance; capital garden; good stabling for 4; capital outbuildings, including large paddock. The Property comprises an area of about

12 ACRES.

—Further particulars can be obtained from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 12,946)

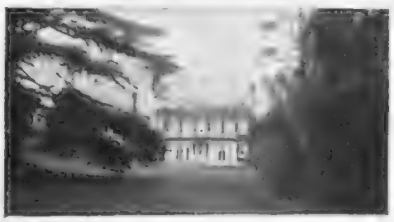
£650 WILL PURCHASE an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing high, and commanding fine views: 6 bed and dressing, 2 reception, and sitting hall; pretty old garden; fishing; golf ¼ mile; main drainage; Company's water. — Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (12,806)

FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON JAN. 16, 1912.

AT A TIMES PRICE.

"CRANLEIGH HOUSE," BYFLEET, SURREY.—The FREEHOLD RESIDENCE contains: 8 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms, good offices; 2 ACRES of exceedingly attractive grounds, including tennis lawn, rose pergola, kitchen garden, paddock, etc.; FIRST-CLASS GOLFING DISTRICT; gas and main drainage; gravel soil.—Particulars may be had of the Solicitors, Messrs. PARSON, LEE and Co., 24, Lime Street, E.C., or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. HARROD (Ltd.), as above.

ONLY 12 MILES FROM LONDON.



SURREY (in a favourite part, most convenient for London, only 10 minutes from the station).—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, the above exceedingly attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a pretty carriage drive, with lodge entrance, and surrounded by

EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 7 ACRES.

Old oak-panelled hall and staircase, large double drawing room, dining and morning rooms, billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; good stabling, motor-house, gardener's cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

RENT ONLY £180 PER ANNUM.

HERTS.—This genuine old JACOBEAN RESIDENCE to LET for 1 to 4 years. Charming situation, 400ft. above sea level, on outskirts of private park: 9 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception rooms; acetylene gas; stabling; picturesque gardens; excellent hunting with Puckeridge.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,418)

CENTRE OF BICESTER.

MID-JANUARY TO MID-APRIL.—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, having 11 bed and 3 reception rooms; stabling, 9 boxes and 4 stalls; 3 bedrooms for men; good gardens.—Rent and all details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,398)

12 MILES FROM CITY.—For 2 or 3 months from early January, GENUINE JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, in 12 ACRES excellent gardens and grounds: 10 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge; stabling; gas, etc.; good hunting and golf.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,401)

BUCKS (— ft. above sea; 25 miles from town).—TO LET, Furnished, for 3 or 5 years, a genuine old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, surrounded by beautiful gardens of 2 acres and 30 ACRES EXCELLENT MEADOW-LAND: 7 bed, 3 sitting rooms; stabling, and model dairy; numerous outbuildings; all live and dead farm stock left.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,389)

OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION, 800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in about 10 acres of grounds. It stands well away from the road, and the accommodation, arranged on two floors, comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; Company's gas and water laid on; main drainage; stabling for 3, coach-house and men's rooms; delightful gardens and pleasure grounds.—Apply, Box K 5,205, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE, owing to owner's return to Australia, a pleasant, modern, well-appointed HOUSE, with river frontage; under 1 hour from Waterloo and within a few minutes' walk from a station: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, winter garden or billiard room, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases; tennis and croquet lawns, and grounds with greenhouse, vinery, fruit-house, etc., in all about 3½ acres, including a detached garden site of 1 acre. The contents could be purchased by valuation.—Apply, Box K 5,037, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY (under 1 hour of town).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered and pleasant grounds of about 8 acres. Over 700ft. above sea level, and affording fine views of typical Surrey scenery. Contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 4, with large coach-house and men's rooms. — Apply, Box K 5,154, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ONE OF THE FINEST SITUATIONS IN SOUTH DEVON.

FACING DIRECTLY OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE DART.

TO BE SOLD, at a very moderate price, a substantially built RESIDENCE, delightfully situated high above the River Dart, with terraced grounds to the water. The surroundings are extremely beautiful and ornamented with a large variety of timber and ornamental shrubs. The accommodation comprises: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. EXCELLENT STABLING. COACHMAN'S AND GARDENER'S COTTAGES

The pleasure grounds are a feature, the beautiful hanging woods providing long winding walks; on the bank of the river is a picturesque boat-house. The whole Property extends to ABOUT 6 ACRES. — Apply, Box K 4,659, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

13 MILES FROM HYDE PARK CORNER.—To be LET, Furnished, for 1 to 4 years, an attractive RESIDENCE, which occupies a delightful position, in a heavily timbered park, of 250 acres, containing some magnificent trees. The approach is along a beautiful old avenue, and the accommodation includes: entrance and lounge halls, 6 reception rooms, 27 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 10; 3 cottages and bothy; Company's gas and water; telephone; the lovely old grounds contain a variety of choice trees; there are tennis lawns, rose and flower gardens; golf 1½ miles distant.—Apply, Box KF 1,664, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES

WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres. — Apply, Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Apply, Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

10 MILES OF LONDON.

460ft. above the sea, on gravel soil, with delightful views over well-wooded country.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a red-brick GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, covered with creepers, standing in very beautiful grounds. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard, 4 reception, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; beautifully wooded gardens of over 6 acres, tennis and croquet lawns and productive kitchen garden: near good golf.—Full particulars of Box K 5,229, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

260FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE, commanding extensive views of the Sussex Downs and the sea.—To be SOLD, an

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE,

standing in nicely timbered grounds of over 8 ACRES. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2, coach-house, and men's rooms; picturesque old grounds, flower garden, lovely old lawn, tennis court, orchard, fruit and vegetable gardens.—Box K 5,015, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ADJOINING GOLF COURSE.

Glorious position. Magnificent views.

EXQUISITELY DISPLAYED GROUNDS.

SURREY (1¼ miles of station, with EXPRESS SERVICE).

RETIRED POSITION, FREE FROM MOTOR DUST.

To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an exceedingly attractive, well-built, and planned RESIDENCE, approached by drive, and containing: hall, 3 reception, billiard, 10 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, and excellent domestic offices, including servants' hall.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Stabling for 4, harness room, garage, and groom's rooms. The grounds of about 2 acres are charmingly displayed and comprise sloping lawns, tennis and croquet lawns, Dutch garden, charming rose pergolas, and rose borders, woodland with old oaks and Scotch firs, large kitchen garden. More land can be had. Would also be Let, Furnished, for the Winter.—Box HS 156, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

FIRST-RATE HUNTING WITH BLACKMORE VALE AND LORD PORTMAN'S.

DORSET (near Blandford). — **PRICE £3,750** FREEHOLD, or would be LET FURNISHED, a charming HOUSE, with most

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS AND GROUNDS

of about 9 acres: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, good offices; stabling for 4.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and Yeovil. Personally inspected and recommended.

SOMERSET.

FINE POSITION ON THE MENDIPS.—RENT, UNFURNISHED, £150 PER ANNUM. Small premium. Land let off at £80 per annum. OR FOR SALE. A charming and picturesque HOUSE, with beautiful gardens and parklands of about 35 acres:

Entrance hall, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, complete domestic offices;

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The approach is by a long carriage drive with lodge; stabling, motor garage; 2 cottages. —Personally inspected and recommended by Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and Yeovil.

GENUINE OLD SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COTTAGE.

PRICE, £1,750 FREEHOLD. | RENT, £85 p.a. UNFURNISHED.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¼ mile from a station, and 6 miles from Bishop's Stortford). 300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

The House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, with oak beams, walls, and ceilings, excellent office, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, modern drainage, good water supply; CHARMING OLD-WORLD GARDENS of about an acre; HUNTING with the Puckeridge and Essex Hounds.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

"OTLEY HALL," NEAR IPSWICH.

SUFFOLK (about 9 miles from Ipswich, in a perfectly rural position).

A GENUINE OLD FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOATED RESIDENCE

of great historic interest, recently restored, and now in first-rate order. Herringbone brickwork, diamond pane glazing, oak timbering.

BEAUTIFUL OLD LINENFOLD AND OTHER PANELLING.

MASSIVE OLD CARVED OAK BEAMS.

Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; hot-water heating; modern drainage; good water supply; good stabling; garage.

Well-timbered gardens and grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, etc.; excellent farmlands, with house, buildings, and 5 cottages. Total area about 297 ACRES.

WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL the above, by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, E.C., on February 14, 1912, at 2 p.m. (unless sold by private treaty).—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale from Messrs. FARRER and Co., Solicitors, 66, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; Messrs. EDEN, BAINES and KENNAWAY, Land Agents, Sherborne; or from Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., and Yeovil.

Miss Gertrude Jekyll writes of the gardens at Coneyhurst as follows:—

"*The garden, on ground sloping to the South, suggested treatment as a great rock garden, and, for the most part, was so laid out—a labour of love of many years' duration by the late owner. No care or expense was spared, and year by year were added more and more plants best suited to the site. From Alpine and other mountain plants on the upper ground, to those found at home in the moist, cool, wooded land at the foot of the hill; besides a host of good garden perennials and shrubs—all found places under the direction of the owner and the sympathetic care of her keenly interested and accomplished gardener; thus forming one of the most beautiful and interesting gardens of West Surrey.*"

"CONEYHURST," EWHURST.

By Order of the Executors.

A well-known and beautiful Surrey Property, situated in that lovely tract of country between Cranleigh and Dorking.

THIS MOST CHARMING HOUSE was built under the supervision of Mr. Philip Webb some 30 years ago on a grandly timbered site.

It is situated on a Southern slope, and stands 600ft. above sea level, on sandy soil. Most glorious views, including the South Downs, Chanctonbury Ring, through Shoreham Gap to the sea, are commanded from the house and gardens.

The House contains splendidly arranged accommodation, and is planned in Mr. Webb's best manner; there are 8 bedrooms, bathroom, fine lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, gallery, capital offices, etc. *The 4 acres of gardens and woods are absolutely perfect, the special features being one of*

THE FINEST ALPINE GARDENS IN ENGLAND,

bog garden, lily pools, bowling greens and lawns, pergolas, magnificent herbaceous borders, etc.; every conceivable kind of herbaceous plant is grown, and it is no exaggeration to say that there are

FLOWERS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

There are prolific kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, etc.; excellent stabling and cottage; main water; near golf course.

WILSON and GRAY are instructed to sell the above, by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, E.C., on February 14, 1912, at 2 p.m. (unless sold privately in the meantime).—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale can be obtained from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., or Messrs. NICHOLL, MANISTY and Co., Solicitors, 1, Howard Street, Strand, W.C.

Offices: 100, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

TELEGRAMS: "Merceral, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1570 Gerrard.

HERTS (main G.N. Ry., 40 minutes from Town, 'midst lovely country).—The beautiful old-fashioned imposing RESIDENCE (above depicted) contains: 2 spacious halls, 4 large reception, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms; BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GARDENS; stabling, men's rooms, cottage; parklike grassland, in all about 12 ACRES; long drive, high up; grand views, gravel soil; gas, main water, main drainage. BARGAIN, £4,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A QUAINT OLD MANOR HOUSE, FULL OF OAK.

EAST GRINSTEAD (1 mile from station in a high rural situation, on gravel soil, grand views).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, farmery, beautiful grounds, and parklike paddocks of 14 ACRES; main water. Bargain, £3,000, or to Let Furnished at £200 per ann.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

SUFFOLK (near Yarmouth; 2 miles from the Coast, close to station).—A very attractive RESIDENCE: spacious hall, 3 large reception, bath, 10 bed and dressing rooms; standing well back from the road in

CHARMING WELL-WOODED GROUNDS.

Pretty flower gardens, glasshouses; excellent stabling; GARDENER'S COTTAGE; large parklike paddock, in all NEARLY 8 ACRES.

BARGAIN, £1,600.

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

HANTS (10 miles from Winchester).—One of the MOST ATTRACTIVE PROPERTIES in the district, high up, light soil, glorious views. Exquisite pleasure grounds of 4 ACRES; stabling, garage; main water, gas. £2,600. Cost double.

TIMES' PRICE BARGAINS.

ESSEX (5 miles from Walton and Frinton).—Pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE: stabling, garage; beautiful grounds and parklands of 61 ACRES. £2,500.

ESSEX (near Colchester).—Pretty gabled RESIDENCE; pretty grounds, stabling, farmhouse, 5 cottages, and 65 ACRES (30 acres prolific orchards in full bearing). £3,500.

HANTS (near Andover).—Quaint old JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE; pretty grounds, stabling, garage, extensive buildings, and 180 ACRES of rich land. £2,750.

SUSSEX (near Horsham).—GEORGIAN MANSION: stabling, garage, 6 cottages, beautiful pleasure grounds and heavily timbered park of 150 ACRES. Price £6,000.

MUST BE SOLD.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

BUCKS (near the famous BURNHAM BEECHES; 35 minutes by rail from London).—The above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE: 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath, billiard, and music rooms, 5 handsome reception rooms.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS.

Secondary Residence; cottage; stabling and farmery, in all nearly 10 ACRES.

CLOSE TO FIRST-CLASS GOLF LINKS.

Electric light; hot-water radiators.—Photos, etc., of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

HUNTING 6 DAYS A WEEK.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—Charming old-fashioned stone-built RESIDENCE, close to picturesque village, near G.C. Railway main line: lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms; BEAUTIFUL OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS: capital stabling for 12, with men's rooms; Atherstone, Pytchley, Mr. Fernie's, Warwickshire, etc golf links 1 mile. Price, £4,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

(FOUNDED 1871.)

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 9th day of January, 1912, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 17th day of January, 1912.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

☞ **Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration, to**

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free for 52 weeks and are insured as above.*

And ,, ,, 14s. 1d. ,, ,, ,, ,, 26 ,, ,, ,,

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

The Dickens Centenary Year
of 1912

will be celebrated in the true Dickensian spirit by the issue of a Superbly Attractive

PEARS' CENTENARY EDITION

of the Most Characteristic of the famous Novelist's Works.

Dickens' Christmas Books

AN EDITION DE LUXE AT A POPULAR PRICE.

Printed in Clear Type on Art Paper. Each of the Five Volumes being Beautifully bound in a different colour.

Net Retail Price **1/6** per Vol.

A Christmas Carol.	**27**	Illustrations by C. Green, R.I.
The Chimes.	**30**	" " "
The Haunted Man.	**30**	" " "
The Battle of Life.	**29**	" " "
The Cricket on the Hearth.	**22**	Illustrations by L. Rossi.

Each Volume, complete in itself, contains a specially written Introduction by CLEMENT SHORTER.

Of ALL BOOKSELLERS or of the PUBLISHERS:

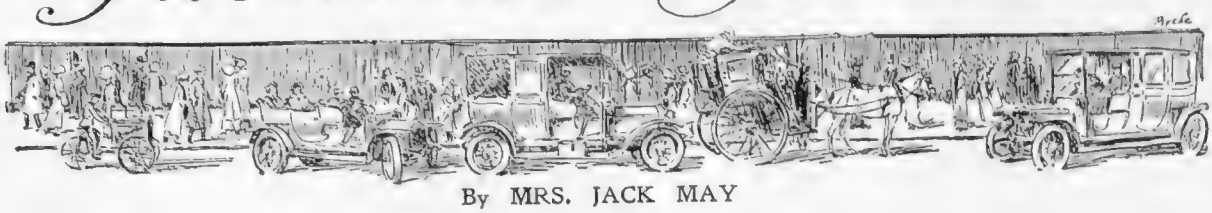
A. & F. Pears, Ltd.,

71, 73 & 75, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

who will send either volume post free on receipt of **1/6**

To ensure early despatch envelopes should be marked in the *left-hand top corner* with the word "STAND."

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

OPINIONS appear to be unanimous as to the supremely novel character of the creations worn by Miss Constance Drever in the *Nightbirds*, although *the* frock of the play, perhaps, is the one worn in Act III., a significantly daring combination of black and white, the latter mostly occurring at the back, and the black in front, the meeting of these sharp contrasts softened by a Van Dyck effect, and a delicate braiding. The hat, too, accompanying this costume is a triumph of millinerial art, with its two great upstanding ostrich feathers, the one white and the other black. In another of her headdresses, Miss Drever wears no fewer than three bird of paradise plumes. Money has, apparently, been no object throughout the dressing of Miss Drever for a part about as big as could be found outside Grand Opera itself. We shall go again and again merely to hear that mad, wild *czardas* sung, and sung, if my modest criticism is worth anything, superbly, by Miss Drever. The music of *Die Fledermaus* stands as monumental evidence that a thing of real beauty, be it music or what not, is a joy for ever.

Tailor-Mades of Taffeta

I am proud to be able to proclaim this advance piece of information from my particular little house-top. Tailor-mades of *changeant* taffetas, in every imaginable and frequently *voyant* combinations, are an accepted fact for the first days of Spring. I have yet to learn that the members of the tailoring community who cultivate the more severe class of work are enamoured of the movement. Taffeta takes some tailoring, even when it is of a heavy quality, and I gather the decree that has gone forth favours a lighter, *souple* quality.

A SUPREMELY DAINTY DANCE DRESS

Of shell-pink satin, edged with bands of skunk, and draped with fine ivory net and lace, the latter caught up on one side of skirt with a wreath of pink chiffon roses. The neck is edged with pink pearls, a chain of the same pearls catching up the fichu. On either shoulder are small clusters of chiffon roses

One of the most delightful details brought out in connection with the popular black velvet gowns is the deep collars or revers of white *mousseline de soie*, merely finished by a deep hem. Although, perhaps, slightly Puritanical in suggestion, there is a quite singular attractiveness about these snow-white adjuncts against the sombre background of a black velvet corsage. Another example of this sharp throwing-up effect is wrought through the medium of a lace *jabot*, lined with a colour, preferably one of sombre character, and also harmonising with the accompanying gown. During the present moment's pause in the world of dress, it is always well to dwell, having the time to do so, on these little things of dress.

The Sale at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

Always eagerly anticipated is the annual winter clearance sale at this establishment, where bargains are rife and irresistible. Since it is impossible in so vast an emporium as this to treat in detail, I must perforce pick and choose one or two for special mention. Among the furs three items struck me as amazing, respectively, a black wolf stole and muff, of such quality as to be scarcely distinguishable from black fox, at 6½ guineas the set; a wonderful mole set, the skins worked in stripes, stole wide and muff large, a limited number only of these sets going at 49*s.* 6*d.*; and a fur-lined coat, variously covered in tweeds and cloth, and finished with a handsome fur collar, which has been dropped from 5½ and 6½ guineas to the popular prices of 79*s.* 6*d.* and 89*s.* 6*d.*

AN AFTERNOON AT THE SALES

It was a chance meeting, but the sequel was one of the most delightful afternoons at the Sales I have ever experienced.

When I left home in the morning to call upon a friend at Knightsbridge my sole object was to while away an hour or two before lunch. On my way, however, I met Laura, who insisted on my lunching with her, and finally prevailed upon me to accompany her on a shopping expedition which she had previously planned.

I told her before we started that I intended making no purchases myself, and, further, would see that she did not loosen her purse-strings too freely.

For fully an hour I kept my promise, accompanying Laura into several shops, and helping her in the selection of her various purchases until at length we wended our way to New Bond Street, and here, I must confess, I succumbed.

Laura wanted to get a pair of corsets at No. 28, the premises of the London Corset Company, who were also holding their winter Sale, and as my riding corsets were somewhat the worse for wear, I thought I might take advantage of the opportunity to secure another pair at a reduced rate.

I was not prepared, however, for the many temptations placed in my way to lure me to break my promise.

Picture a pair of delightfully shaped corsets in fawn or black *coutille*, with blue spots, and fitted with two pairs of suspenders, for the ridiculous price of 9*s*. 11*d*., or another, long over the hips and with coloured silk outlining the seams, for 14*s*. 5*d*., and you will have some idea of the bargains which confronted my gaze.

Having secured the riding corset for which I entered, I was further tempted to purchase one of the new "Tricot" models, made in two prices, and reduced during the sale to £3 7*s*. 6*d*. and £3 15*s*. 6*d*., and of these I selected the latter, as their shape appealed to me irresistibly. The "Tricot" is of the finest, the boning of the lightest, and yet the corset is so strong that it simply moulds the form of the wearer, and keeps same beautifully together.

Laura had in the meantime been fitted with a pair of brocaded *coutille* corsets, which suited her to perfection, whilst improving her figure considerably. They were cut very low in bust and long over the hips, and were priced at 43*s*., this including two pairs of suspenders.

At no other house had I seen such exquisite examples of net blouses, beautifully embroidered and trimmed real lace, a special feature of which was that as much attention had been given to the decoration of the back as the front, an improvement too often overlooked. Laura secured a smart French tucked shirt trimmed with real lace for 15*s*. 11*d*., and another with the fashionable *jabot* for 19*s*. 11*d*.

We also saw a number of smart French blouses in *ninon*, *crêpe de Chine*, net, etc., all considerably reduced, together with several charming teagowns, some of which, by removing the transparent yoke, could be instantly transformed into pretty and effective evening frocks, all of which have been greatly reduced in price to effect a clearance.

Take my advice, pay a visit to 28, New Bond Street at your earliest opportunity, and I hope you will enjoy your experience as much as I did mine. J. S.

Defying Deafness

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

with the

AURIPHONE

A new era has dawned for the deaf. It is not necessary for them to continue suffering, and no longer need they deny themselves the pleasures afforded those who enjoy perfect hearing, since the AURIPHONE, a small sound-magnifying instrument, has been invented.

It may be held to the ear either by a telescopic handle, or by a headband, without causing the least discomfort to the user. It is small enough to fit the pocket, and weighs but a few ounces; it is the most inconspicuous of all similar devices.

There is nothing unsightly or dangerous in this BRITISH-MADE instrument. We can without fear of contradiction say that the AURIPHONE is the cheapest and most effective electrical aid on the market.

A FREE DEMONSTRATION

of the Auriphone will be given at our offices to all enquirers, or a trial at your home can be arranged by writing for descriptive pamphlet No. 5

AURIPHONES, Ltd., I, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.
Agents: Opticians and Electricians.

MISS RUTH ELLEN BROWN,
"Hawthornden," 8, Lancaster Rd., S.E.

This beautiful little girl was fed for twelve months from birth exclusively on

Mellin's Food

Free Sample sent for 2d. postage; also a valuable 90-page Handbook for Mothers — "The Care of Infants"—sent free for 2d. extra postage. Mention this paper.
Address Sample Dept., Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E.

A feature of the dress fabric department is some 15,000 yards of cheviots, tweeds, and suitings, in an almost bewildering array of designs and colours, one and all of which are procurable at the sale reduction of 1*s.* 6½*d.* the yard, while in the silks there will be found, and speedily secured by the wise, a double width (40 in.) Taffetaline lining silk, in ivory, cream, black, and several fashionable colours, only 1*s.* 6*d.* the yard. The blouse bargains embrace every style and character conceivable. In fact, I am bound to point to this section as exceptionally replete with interest. A tucked tussore shirt, natural shade only in French sizes, is not to be picked up every day at half a guinea, a wonderfully smart little *delaine* blouse, Magyar style, and with a *cachet* all its own, standing at 5*s.* 11*d.*

Household linen is another item of absorbing interest, Messrs. D. H. Evans's well-known and extensive dealings with Ireland in this regard fully guaranteeing the value of these offerings, which this year include some lines of napery that will try the severest stoic, and arouse to wild enthusiasm the house-proud woman. Extra sized hemstitched linen diaper towels, with key patterned borders, are only 15*s.* 9*d.*, and some French embroidered pillow-cases, in two styles, 20 by 30in., 1*s.* 11½*d.* and 1*s.* 9½*d.* For the rest of the seductions, the best advice I can offer is primarily to study the catalogue and then pay a personal visit of inspection.

A CASINO BLOUSE OF GOLD FILIGREE LACE AND CHIFFON

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Craze for Gold

This Klondykian sentiment, let me hastily say, has to be with dress. Nor is it an altogether unforeseen contingency. The value of gold lace and embroideries has been quietly but surely passing forward, until it has culminated into a solid fact. The all-gold gown, the all-gold evening *manteau*, the all-gold blouse are confections fully established in our midst. *L'or mat*, as the French put it, is going to be indispensable. For the most part the tone is pale, and there is no note of garishness in it. Appreciating the importance of the vogue, Mrs. Dorothy Millar and I are providing as a pictorial offering this week a Casino blouse, which is carried throughout in gold. In this blouse, which is of gold filigree lace, the latter is laid over a veiling of coloured chiffon, pale blue and mauve, what you will, or, if preferred, gold chiffon. The glint of the contrast through the interstices of the lace is peculiarly effective, however, and unquestionably adds to the charm.

THE MENU: Some Ways of Cooking-Up Turkey

Turkey Soufflé

Pound about 3oz. of the white meat of a turkey as fine as possible, and mix with it half a pint of milk, three well-beaten eggs, pepper, salt, and a pinch of cayenne and mace. Put the whole into a well-buttered mould, tie it down with a cloth, and steam it for thirty minutes. It should be kept quite upright, and when turned out in the entrée dish pour some clear, well-seasoned, brown gravy round. Button mushrooms can be added in mixing the turkey.

Curried Turkey

Ingredients: 1lb. of turkey, one dessertspoonful of curry-powder, half a lemon, one good-sized onion, one apple, 1oz. of butter, one gill of milk. Mince the onion and apple, and fry them thoroughly in the butter, without browning. Add one dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and fry again gently for five minutes. Put into a stewpan with one gill of milk, a pinch of sugar, pepper and salt, and simmer gently for one hour. Pass through a strainer, and put back into the stewpan. Cut up the turkey into good-sized dice, add to the sauce, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into the curry. Serve with well-boiled rice.

Hashed Turkey with Tomatoes

For about 1lb. of cold turkey take 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour, half a pint of stock or gravy, two tomatoes, and one small onion. Free the meat of the turkey from bones and cut it into neat slices. Peel, slice, and chop the onion and fry to a light fawn in the butter. Next add the flour, fry a little, and moisten with stock or gravy. Stir till it boils, now add the tomatoes, peeled and cut into small slices. Season with salt and pepper, and simmer for about fifteen minutes. Put in the pieces of turkey, and cook slowly for another twenty minutes. This dish can be prepared in a casserole.

Galantine of Turkey

This is a good way of using up all the meat that is left on the carcase of a turkey. After carefully picking it, pass through a mincing-machine, and add some cooked ham, also any pieces of tongue, if at hand, flavour with a little salt, pepper, and cayenne. Have ready two hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices, and line a mould or pie-dish with the eggs. Fill up with the meat, and cover with some stock in which ½oz. of gelatine has been allowed to boil for about an hour. Cover the mould with a plate, and bake for half an hour in a gentle oven. Let it stand till next day, turn out, and garnish prettily with parsley and beetroot cut into small cubes. This makes a nice breakfast or luncheon dish. If any liquor should be left over it will be set to a jelly, and should be chopped up finely and piled up on the top of the mould.

Turkey Soup

Take all the remains of a turkey, cut the bones as small as possible, and put them in a saucepan with a large onion and some celery and enough water to cover well. Season with salt, pepper, a blade of mace, and simmer gently for three hours. Strain, and let stand till the next day.

Emilia

NO MORE WRINKLES BEAUTIFUL BUST.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS REMOVED FOR EVER.

Let this woman send you, free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.

She looks like a girl of 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvellously simple method which brought about a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is to-day, and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scraggy figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scraggy eyelashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick, and beautiful by her own methods, and removed every pimple from her face almost in a single night.

You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face, and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

No poisonous drugs are taken into the stomach: no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams. She accomplishes these things through nature's way, which is sure and lasting. It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty-doctors and other methods have failed.

The valuable new beauty book which Miss Ellison is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women. It is written in a wonderfully fascinating style, and contains startling pictures of women which show what may be accomplished by her secret methods.

All our readers should write her at once, and she will send you absolutely free all she agrees, and will show our readers how to remove wrinkles IN 8 HOURS; HOW TO DEVELOP THE BUST; HOW TO MAKE LONG, THICK EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS; HOW TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR; HOW TO REMOVE BLACKHEADS AND PIMPLES; HOW TO REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN AND CURE OBESITY; AND HOW TO GROW THICK AND ABUNDANT HAIR.

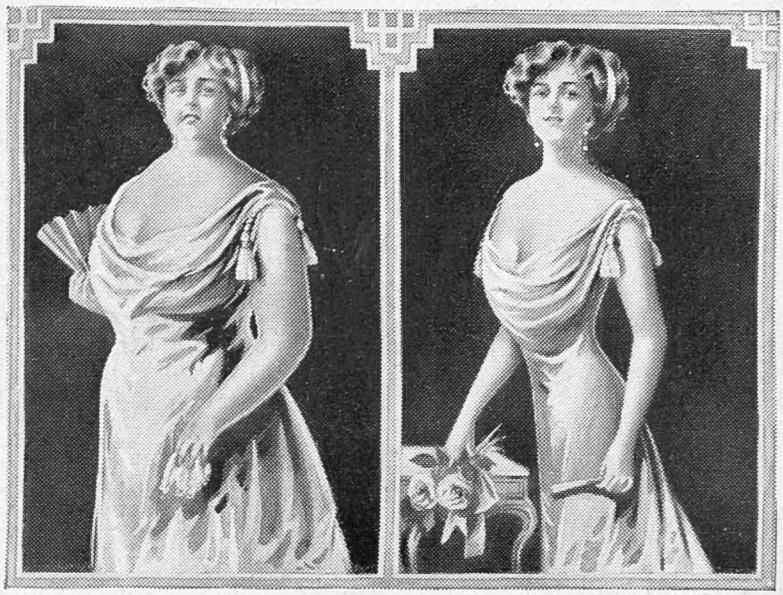
Simply enclose 1d. stamp and address your letter to Evelyn Ellison, Dept. 243, Evelyn House, Oxford Street, London, W., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls and women in need of secret information, which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW

Physician Banishes Fat in Seven Days.

USE THE FREE COUPON TO-DAY.

These pictures tell plainer than any words the marvellous improvement to be made in a woman's appearance when superfluous flesh is removed.



On November 1, Dr. F. Turner, a well-known physician, was one of the fattest men. He weighed 18st. 2lb. His waist measured 48in., and he wore a 17½in. collar. His health was miserable; he was weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy, and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep nights, or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of his excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat he might drop dead at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, etc., but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful scientific discovery, by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100lb., gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

On January 1 this year, Dr. Turner weighed 10st. 10lb., his waist measured 37½in., and he wore a 15½in. collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of hard work as at twenty-five years of age, and his mind is clear and buoyant.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to wear, no physical culture or violent exercise, no Turkish baths, sweating, purging, starvation diets, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system, which any person can readily practise in their own homes without medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body and benefit the general heal h right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, and he has been fairly deluged with requests for per onal treatment. Close friends have urged him to specialise in this particular branch of work where he could command large fees, but other business interests which occupy much of his time have decided him against it.

In answer, however, to the multitude of requests for information and in order that all may have the benefit of the system it was his good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on h s method and telling every fleshy man and woman how they may accomplish this same happy result, without the least danger or inconvenience. He has mailed these books without charge to those who have written him, but has a few hundred copies left. Arrangements have been made whereby these will be distributed without charge among interested readers who will use the coupon printed below. Send no money. Merely enclose a two-p nny stamp to cover postage, and booklet will be sent to you by return. Address your letter to Dr. F. M. Turner (Dept. 723A), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.

FREE FLESH REDUCTION COUPON

(Sign your name and address here)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

This coupon entitles you to one copy of "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," by Dr. Turner, as explained in the announcement above. Cut out this coupon (or send name and address, mentioning Dept. 723A), and send it direct to Dr. F. M. Turner (Dept. 723A), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and the book will be sent you in plain envelope by return post.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Sloane Gate Hotel

It would be hard to find a more admirable site for an hotel than that which was selected for the Sloane Gate Hotel, with its main entrance in Basil Street, twenty yards from the top of Sloane Street, and with a side entrance into the Knightsbridge Tube Station connecting with all parts of London. This well-appointed hotel is at the very centre of the West End, and within easy walking distance of some of the best shops in the Metropolis. Across the road lies Hyde Park; a few minutes' walk westward brings one to the Brompton Oratory and the Victoria and Albert Museum. A few minutes' walk eastward takes one to the Green Park, while all the principal theatres and music-halls are within the radius of a shilling cab fare. The distinctive features of the Sloane Gate Hotel are refinement, homeliness, and quietude, while the cuisine is of the highest class and under the management of an experienced French *chef*.

To Safeguard Health

There is no doubt that winter is upon us; and, in the opinion of many weather prophets, it is likely to be a severe one. With this prospect in view it is wise to consider the question of safeguarding health. The old folk want special nourishment; the delicate and ailing members of the family must have extra care; the diet of children should be carefully chosen to protect them against the coughs and colds so easily caught at this time of the year; and even the robust and strong are wise to look well after themselves. Horlick's Malted Milk is an ideal drink for the winter months for people of all ages, whether delicate or strong. It is sustaining and invigorating, very easily digested, and of great nutritive value. It is delicious in flavour and instantly made. The Horlick's Malted Milk Company, of Slough, Bucks, have issued a dainty booklet, entitled "The Story of the Bottle," which they will send post free to readers of this paper upon application.

The New Year

Messrs. Alfred Holt and Co., owners of the famous Blue Funnel Line, which plys from Glasgow, Liverpool, and Fishguard to Australia, *via* Las Palmas and Cape Town, have issued two attractive calendars for 1912. The first is an ingenious reproduction of the famous "Blue Funnel," and the second, which is in card form, has an excellent picture in colours of one of the Company's magnificent liners. The days of the month are flanked on either side by the flags of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Blue Funnel Line respectively. One of the features of this line is that it carries one class of passengers only.

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

MISS NANCY HEARNE

Who is playing the title-rôle in "Boy Blue" at the Marlborough Theatre

An Interesting Book

One of the most remarkable examples of the privately printed book is "The Visitations of England and Wales," by Mr. Frederick Arthur Crisp, of the "Grove Park" Press, in Walworth Road. The seventeenth volume of this laborious work has just made its appearance. The series is an attempt to record such genealogical information as was contained in the Heralds' Visitations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To anyone of a genealogical turn of mind these books are a sheer delight.

An Attractive Booklet

We have received from Smiths' Advertising Agency, the well-known advertising experts, of 100, Fleet Street, London, E.C., a most attractive art booklet, replete with illustrations descriptive of their organisation for the planning and placing of sales-making publicity. It is interesting to note from some of the specimen advertisements reproduced the names of many well-known advertisers who not many years back were unknown outside the confines of their own locality—a tribute, indeed, to the power of advertising. Manufacturers confronted with the problem of increasing their sales and creating new markets, as well as those already in the advertising field, will be equally interested in this booklet, a copy of which the publishers will send post free to all such, if request be made under their business heading.

How to Make Perfect Coffee

Pure coffee is acknowledged by experts and medical men to be a most healthy tonic, as well as a very agreeable and invigorating beverage. But it must be properly made, and the proper way of making coffee is known relatively only by few, and the coffee machines — so-called perfect—from their working intricacies require a knowledge and practice which taxes the patience of most people. The new patent "Caffeta" coffee maker at once gets rid of all difficulties; it commends itself by its simplicity and elegance, is a handsome addition to any table, and its price is moderate. All that is required is to put the water and the coffee in the "Caffeta," mixing both well with a spoon, place it on the stand, light the spirit lamp, and in a short time the "Caffeta" will call your attention by whistling. Extinguish the lamp, wait one minute or two, place the cup under the tap, and you will obtain the most delicious and fragrant cup of coffee. For prices apply to L. Wiener, 1a, Fore Street, E.C.

PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

Write for Catalogue "C" to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ld.,
121, OXFORD ST.,
LONDON, W.

A Delicious Cup of Cocoa

MADE IN A MOMENT

Take a teaspoonful of Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk add boiling water as required, and you have in a moment a delicious cup of Cocoa, nourishing and sustaining—in fact, a meal in itself.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is an excellent thing for the brain-worker, for those who suffer from "nerves" or insomnia, and for the busy man or woman who is obliged at times to forego a regular meal and yet requires something sustaining in the meantime.

But perhaps its most valuable property is that it can be easily digested even by those who have to diet themselves with care and are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form. Tins, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*, of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3*d.* Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.